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ROME AND ITALY.

WHEN the September Convention was made, every one felt and said that a great deal might happen before it was put into execution. The EMPEROR might die, or Italy might break up, or a thousand things might occur that would give the POPE a chance of seeing this hateful Convention set aside. The speculation has been justified by the event. A great deal has happened in the two years since it was announced that, at a given time, the French troops would leave Rome, and the POPE would have to manage his little kingdom as well as he could by himself. But the things that were thought likely have not come to pass, and that which seemed most unlikely has happened. The EMPEROR is alive, and Italy has not broken up; but Prussia has helped the Italians to gain Venetia. The very thing that would most powerfully affect the settlement of the Roman question has been accomplished. Italy is in quite a new position towards Rome through the possession of Venetia. She has become a great, consolidated, and independent Power. She has the consciousness of strength, and this consciousness gives her the power and the disposition to deal with Rome in a tranquil, gentle, irresistible manner. There is no longer among the Italians that feverish excitement, that wild longing for Rome as the symbol of Italian unity, that impulse to catch at a new success in order to prove and assert the existence of the nation, which might easily have led the Government of VICTOR EMMANUEL into fatal blunders, and have given the Papal party an irreparable advantage. The Italians can afford to wait now. They do not care whether Rome is a part of Italy now, or next year, or ten years hence. They can discuss quite calmly whether it would be any gain to shift the capital to Rome, even if Rome were theirs. They can compare Florence with Rome, and see how many advantages Florence possesses which Rome wants. CAVOUR started "Rome the capital of Italy" as a great cry at a time when the nation wanted a cry that should animate and excite it. Now Italy has got beyond mere aspirations and vague passionate desires. It has merely to consider what is the best and most statesmanlike course to pursue; and Italian statesmen may well hesitate before they instal a free Parliament and a secular Government in an old inconvenient city, crowded with churches and ecclesiastical buildings, and tenanted for the most part by priests, or the bitter enemies of priests. BARON RICASOLI, in his recent Circular, only expresses what all judicious Italians have felt since Venetia was theirs. There is no hurry. Italy is sure of getting all she wants, and the best thing is to avoid a quarrel with the Papacy; or, if that is not possible, and the Papacy insists on quarrelling, then the best thing is to put the POPE and his friends clearly in the wrong. Italy can perfectly well afford to let the POPE have a fair field for trying the great experiment of continuing, without foreign aid, a mediæval ecclesiastical despotism in the heart of a free country, and in the latter half of the nineteenth century. If it fails—as Europe, Catholic and Protestant, expects it to fail—the Italian Government promises beforehand that the failure shall not carry with it any attempt to limit the POPE's proper spiritual power. The Head of the Latin Church shall be free to govern the Church as he pleases, even though the Italian tricolour waves over his head, and Italian troops receive the blessings he so kindly lavishes on his present French defenders.

But it is not only the change that has taken place in the general position of Italy which indicates the advance made by Italy towards a peaceful and favourable settlement of her relations with the Papacy. There are other signs that point the same way. The war between Italy and Rome is evidently not so bitter as it was, or as it has been taken to be. In spite of all the curses with which the POPE has cursed the doings of the Italians, in spite of all his denunciations of their wickedness, their forgetfulness of right, their misdeeds towards

the Apostolic See, the Italian clergy have not been separated from the Italian nation. Never has this been shown in a manner so conspicuous as lately in Venetia. The Venetian clergy, almost without an exception, were eager in voting, and in countenancing the voting, for the annexation of Venetia to Italy. They warmly supported the transfer of their flocks from the rule of pious, right-thinking, thrice-blessed Austria, to the rule of impious, evil-minded, thrice-cursed Italy. And so confident is the Italian Government that bishops and priests can do it no harm now, or will not do it what harm they could do, that BARON RICASOLI has given a general permission to all ecclesiastics to return from their places of exile, and officiate in their respective fields of spiritual labour. They were once dangerous, and so they were sent away. They are not dangerous now, and so they are allowed to come back. Even the difficulty that has so long attended the settlement of the terms on which Italy is to assume the Pontifical debt is now said to be overcome, and the interest that has accrued since 1860 being capitalized, the whole debt, so far as regards the annexed provinces, will henceforth be borne by Italy. France has given at the last moment a solemn approval of the Italian policy, and the *Moniteur* has announced that the Circular of BARON RICASOLI is all that could be wished. Facts are stronger than theories, and, now that the time is at hand when the September Convention is to be carried out, it is discovered that no one really believes in the temporal power. We confess that it is strange that it should be so; we should have expected a greater demonstration of fanaticism. The Catholics—the more furious and clerical-minded of the Catholics—are wiser than could have been hoped for. No one will lay down his life or give up his fortune for that which Bishops theoretically declare to be necessary to the Church; and yet we know that, if anything to which the Catholic world was really attached were imperilled, it would immediately rise in arms. The fact is, that enthusiasm for the temporal power is only possible at a distance from Rome, and fades away directly the eye can see what the process of governing a people through priests, and on strictly ecclesiastical principles, comes to. The troops whom the money or the exhortations of the faithful persuade to enlist in the POPE's service prove useless when they get to the territory they are to defend. Even the new legionaries, hot in the fervour of their first zeal, could not find the heart to suppress the festivities with which the cession of Venetia was celebrated in the towns of the POPE's dominions. And yet, what could be more inconsistent with the proper attitude of the POPE's subjects than open rejoicings at a signal mercy and triumph vouchsafed to the POPE's enemies? The towns rejoiced because the love of Italians for Italy is a fact, and the troops were passive because the love of Catholics for the temporal power is a theory.

When the last French soldier has left Civita Vecchia, what will happen? The POPE will be left alone with his subjects, and, so far as they are concerned, he may stay with them very comfortably. They will not hurt him. Some persons make sure that he will go away rather than face them. According as fancy dictates, they suggest that he will hurry off at once to Malta, to the Balearic Isles, to Jerusalem, to County Cork. No one knows, probably not he himself, whether he will go or stay; but why should he believe in his own curses more than any one else does? Why should he not make friends with VICTOR EMMANUEL, when his clergy are on such a pleasant footing with Italy, and his creditors find in Italy such a ready paymaster? If the nature of his government admitted a compromise, and he could remain a temporal prince, and govern on secular or semi-secular principles, he might very well assume a position like that which is now occupied by the princes of North Germany whose territories have not been absorbed by Prussia. Italy might arrange his tiny military affairs, and represent all his secular interests diplomatically. Rome and Italy might have the same customs, and the same

postal arrangements, and yet at Rome the POPE would be as much sovereign as Duke ERNEST is at Gotha. The only thing to prevent such an arrangement will be the inherent nature of the temporal power. The Romans might be content to stand to Italy as the people of Gotha stand to Prussia; but then they would wish to have their Government in its character and principles like the Italian Government, and this cannot be. The POPE cannot govern as a lay sovereign governs. He would continually be under the necessity of doing things that he thought distinctly wrong. He could not allow the licence accorded to heterodoxy in Italy; he could not sanction the admission of books condemned by the Index; he could not allow laymen to control the actions and limit the fortunes of monks and nuns. The temporal power therefore cannot last, for, as Baron RICASOLI points out, it is entirely out of harmony with the modern world. Sooner or later, and probably very soon, Rome, which the Romans wish to give to Italy, must be given to her. But Rome, as a city, may be permitted to remain the local centre of Catholicism; and the POPE, relieved from the cares of secular administration, may devote himself to governing the Church. The fear for Italy and the world, if this is the arrangement come to, is not that the POPE will have too little power, but that he will have too much.

MR. BRIGHT AT MANCHESTER.

THE dinner at Manchester measured the social and Parliamentary strength of the extreme Reformers. There were present two peers, including Lord TEYNHAM, twenty-seven members of the House of Commons, and nine hundred respectable persons in good coats. Thirteen members were prevented by various accidents from attending; and if it is assumed that ten other friends of the movement were absent from different causes, it follows that fifty members, or one-thirteenth part of the House of Commons, are prepared to follow Mr. BRIGHT. The late Government was represented by Mr. FORSTER, who is better known as a Radical leader than as an ex-Under-Secretary, and Mr. LAYARD and Mr. STANSFELD were included among the thirteen writers of letters of excuse. Although the promoters of the meeting have no reason to be ashamed of the result of their efforts, they have afforded a fresh illustration of the distaste for revolutionary agitation which pervades Parliament, and the upper and middle classes of society. The great out-of-door assemblages in the large towns have been formidable as a large powder-magazine is formidable, especially in the neighbourhood of a lighted match. No reasonable opponent of democracy doubts that united multitudes are irresistible by any force which is to be found in the English Constitution. That their permanent supremacy would be fatal to liberty is the profound conviction of almost every sincere votary of freedom. Some of Mr. BRIGHT's less sympathetic hearers must have been alarmed by his announcement that two hundred thousand working-men will parade the streets of London on Monday week, and that they will probably not proceed to violence unless they are interfered with by the police. As the crowd will include all the thieves, all the reprobates, and almost all the boys of London, it is not satisfactory to be informed that the guardians of order are to be for the day suspended from their functions. The instinctive tyranny of the demagogue is betrayed by the exaggerated boastfulness of the challenge, and by the insolent menace. A mob of two hundred thousand men can assemble in the streets of a crowded city for no possible object except to terrify the peaceable inhabitants. Public meetings in the metropolis are not unlawful, because English legislation has always taken for granted the general prevalence of loyalty and order; but Parisian experience has suggested stringent precautions against similar exhibitions of patriotism. There was a time when the French capital, and the whole country, were governed by processions of artisans from the districts which correspond to Clerkenwell and Bethnal Green. By a natural consequence, public meetings in France are now, except under the express authority of the Government, absolutely prohibited; and assemblages in the streets are instantly dispersed by armed force, with the aid, in extreme cases, of grapeshot. The framers of an address presented at the Manchester dinner to the Liberal members of Parliament present assert, with a sublime disregard of notorious facts, "that other nations are advancing rapidly in the path of political freedom." To regard promiscuousness of suffrage as the test of freedom, without reference to the functions of the assembly which is elected by the extended constituency, is to misapprehend the entire issue. Universal suffrage for a Grand Master of Freemasons, or even for a Lord Mayor, would be entirely unobjectionable.

Even in choosing a member of the French Legislative Body the character of the constituency matters comparatively little; but when a sovereign Parliament is to be constituted, it ought to possess the representative character which can never be conferred by a numerical majority of the population.

Mr. BRIGHT was less eloquent than usual, and his comparative dulness is surprising because he was more than ordinarily ill-natured. He devoted himself to proving that the middle-class is willing and eager to be disfranchised or swamped, and that the present Government is incapable of producing an acceptable Reform Bill. The so-called Conference had resolved in the morning, not that a Ministerial Reform Bill ought to be fairly considered, but that it would be impolitic to proclaim the determination of the extreme party to condemn any measure proceeding from the Government. Mr. BRIGHT is of too impatient a temper to concur in the tribute of faction to candour. His hatred of the Conservative leaders is never suspended or disguised. Lord DERBY has for twenty years never shown "one atom of statesmanship, or one spark of patriotism" that leads us to expect that on this occasion he will turn "round and, neglecting his party, do something for his country." Although it would be unjust to accuse Mr. BRIGHT of hypocrisy, he is not literally sincere when he expresses his disbelief in a Ministerial Reform Bill. He rather hopes, by taunts and invectives, to prevent the production of a measure which might possibly supersede his agitation. If any members of the Cabinet still hesitate, Mr. DISRAELI will not fail to argue that it must be for their interest to falsify the prophecies of their most inveterate enemy. *Hoc Ithacus nolit.* A reasonable Reform Bill is what Mr. BRIGHT emphatically does not want. It is not perhaps the business of a Reformer to expose the inconsistency of converts who may enable him to accomplish the objects which he professes to desire; yet Mr. BRIGHT by anticipation exhausts the abusive resources of the English language in denouncing the possible adherence of the Government to the cause of Reform. It is not usual in political controversy to impute to opponents "fraudulent statements, insults to the people, and the most evident baseness of party actions." Malignity and rudeness cannot go further than in the declaration that "the conspirators" of the Session just past cannot become honourable statesmen "in the Session which is about to commence." Mr. BRIGHT's violence is only explicable on the assumption that he shares the general expectation of a not inconsiderable measure of Reform, which may possibly command a large majority in the House of Commons. The scanty number of his Parliamentary adherents justifies the suspicion that two-thirds of the Liberal party will accept a Reform Bill from Mr. DISRAELI, without examining the question of his political consistency, if only it is unincumbered with ingenious contrivances for defeating its ostensible purpose. The Conservative party can perhaps scarcely pretend to disinterested enthusiasm for Reform, but it has the power to withdraw or neutralize an opposition which has hitherto been found irresistible; and so important a contribution to the settlement of the controversy furnishes a sufficient consideration for a prudent compromise. The Liberal party might perhaps, as in 1859, have insisted on its own preferable claim to associate its name with Reform; but Mr. BRIGHT's assaults on the Constitution, and his threats of physical force, have convinced all moderate politicians that Toryism is not the most serious obstacle to progressive improvement. The mob of December the 3rd will impress the same conclusion on the mind of nearly every substantial householder in London.

In one portion of his speech Mr. BRIGHT repeated a fallacy which was effectually exposed during his agitation of eight or nine years ago. "Household, or rating franchise," he said, "has existed for centuries in our parishes . . . and it has never been found in our parishes to be destructive of their interests." The argument was perhaps formerly advanced in ignorance; it is repeated in reliance on the ignorance or carelessness of the audience. It is true that every ratepayer votes on questions of parochial taxation, but large ratepayers enjoy a cumulative vote, which gives them the control of the funds which they levy and administer. The most vehement opponent of household suffrage would readily consent to an arrangement by which a wealthy shopkeeper should have the same number of votes with half a dozen petty ratepayers. In itself, there is much to be said for the household franchise as an intelligible and definite test. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER recommended the scheme in the last Session, on the ground that pecuniary standards were too arbitrary to be permanently tenable. The municipal constituency is, in the majority of towns, less respectable than the class of ten-pound householders; but, on the whole, municipal bodies discharge their functions tolerably.

The arguments for Reform have not lost their force because a mischievous agitator has diffused general discontent, and has even dared to threaten armed rebellion. The extension of the franchise is expedient, not so much because it will improve legislation or government, as for the purpose of interesting a larger section of the people in the domestic and national policy. Democratic institutions are favourable to patriotism, though not to liberty; and it may be possible to create a constituency not too numerous to cherish freedom, and yet large enough to ensure general support to the decisions of Parliament. If the present Ministers can devise such a plan, the more moderate Liberals will not be curious to inquire too closely into their motives, or into the former policy of their party.

THE COMMISSION ON THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

THE Government has announced its intention of issuing a Commission, with Lord CRANWORTH as its President, to report on the laws by which we enforce our neutrality towards foreign belligerents, and to suggest means of rendering them more effectual. It is also said that an intimation has been given to the American Government that we shall gladly confer with any representatives it may choose to appoint, as to the possibility of laying down a code of neutrality to which both nations shall adhere. Both steps are dictated by prudence, and every one who understands the great dangers with which England is threatened must earnestly wish that good results may follow, and that something may be devised to lessen the serious risks to which we are now open. If we are engaged in a war with a maritime Power of the first-class, we may see our commerce destroyed, or at any rate very much crippled, by attacks from cruisers issuing out of neutral ports; and if the neutral happens to be the United States, we are sure to be told that we are only having done to us what we did in the case of the *Alabama*. The memory of that unfortunate ship rankles still in the breasts of the Americans; for the reasons by which we justify ourselves are lawyer's reasons, excellent in their way, but not coming home to the popular mind, while the evil done is indisputable, and we can but regret that, by accident or by carelessness, it ever occurred. The danger, however, of future *Alabamas* is nothing as compared with the pressing and present danger of Fenianism. There is no use in speaking peace where there is no peace, or in trying to think lightly of the hostility of Irishmen to England. Fenianism is perhaps one of the gravest dangers that England ever has had to face. We do not know how to meet it. If the Irish had any assignable grievances which they wished us to remedy, we should know what to do. We could count the cost, and, if the price were not too heavy, we could give the Irish what they wanted, even though we did not see on what ground they claimed it. But it is clear that they do not want us to do anything for Ireland. The reception given to Mr. BRIGHT showed this, and it has been declared even more explicitly in America, by persons of Mr. BRIGHT's way of thinking, who have made overtures to the Fenian chiefs. The Fenians say, and we believe with perfect truth, that the classes whom Mr. BRIGHT wishes to invest with political power in England are sure to be even more sharp and high-handed in dealing with Ireland than the present governing classes of England are. Even, therefore, if we were to remove such difficulties as the Irish Church, on the ground that, come what may, we will do right, we cannot hope to get rid of Fenianism. Neither can we hope that it will be suppressed in the United States, for the Irish party is strong, and Canada is open to attack, and cannot easily be protected. It is to be hoped that, if the Fenians invade Canada, we may give them a stern lesson; but it is exceedingly difficult to protect the whole Canadian frontier, and the Fenians hope that, even if they fail in their next attempt, they may involve America in a war with England. If it were possible to devise any means for fettering the action of the States before the Fenians left American ground, the gain would be very great; and it is possible that the discussion of the laws by which neutrals ought to be guided might have a salutary effect. For the Americans are both law-loving and generous, and if they saw that we honestly meant to act fairly by them, they might awaken to the wrong they are doing by letting Fenians openly hatch their schemes in American towns.

That the proposed Commission should meet, and do all it can, is accordingly a very good thing; but with a view to the composition of the Commission, and also to prevent ultimate disappointment, it is very important to consider what it really can do. Lawyers soon get to the end of what they have to say about the neutrality laws, and legal remedies are soon seen to be either ineffectual or burdensome. The

case of the *Alabama* has, in one sense, attained undue prominence. Americans speak of the one ship we let go, and are silent as to the ninety and nine that we detained, or prevented from sailing. After the *Alabama* had got away, the Government took on itself to detain the rams. Sir HUGH CAIRNS pronounced this to be illegal, and Lord RUSSELL made a little honest capital out of this, and invited the Americans to notice that he had broken the law in their favour. In strict law it was, we believe, illegal; but the only remedy was for the builder of the rams to bring an action, and he was evidently not prepared to swear that he had no cognizance of the true destination of the rams. It might certainly be possible to relieve the Government from risk in such a case, and to enact that any vessel of war, and any vessel in any way equipped for warlike purposes, might be detained by mere warrant from the Crown until its builder had proved its destination to be innocent. But this would really do little good; it would only place us in the position in which we were placed by the action of the Government after the escape of the *Alabama*. We might go further, and declare that a ship which has infringed the neutrality laws of the country where she was built, and whence she issued, shall not during the continuance of the war be received in the ports of the neutral. There is, however, some difficulty in this. If, as in the case of the Southern Confederacy, the belligerent on whose behalf the ship is built or equipped has no ports open, and the escaped ship goes roving about, living only on the clemency of neutrals, it may be easy to shut her out of neutral ports, and thus to deliver her over to the hostile navy. But if the ports of the purchasing belligerent are open, and the escaped vessel gets into and comes out of one of those ports, how is she to be distinguished from the vessels of the ordinary navy of the belligerent? Yet even this does not touch the real question. It is not vessels like the *Alabama* that we have to fear, but vessels like the *Shenandoah*. The danger is not from vessels of war, but from vessels of a perfectly peaceful character. A fast vessel used, for instance, in the daily traffic between Liverpool and Glasgow, is bought by a belligerent. She steams out into the Atlantic, and there meets at a given spot a vessel with two or three guns of the greatest range and power. Instantly she is converted into as deadly a foe as the commerce of a belligerent can have to fear. And how can laws prevent this? It is impossible to ascertain the intention of all sellers and buyers of ships. This may perhaps be granted, and it may be said that, if it is possible to prevent the issue of *Alabamas* but impossible to prevent that of *Shenandoahs*, it may also be possible to go further in detention than we did in the case of the *Alabama*, though not so far as to reach the *Shenandoah*. Perhaps it may; but obviously this is a question which lawyers alone cannot determine. It is for shipbuilders and merchants to say at what point the burden of Government supervision would become so intolerable that the certain injury to trade would outweigh the possible injury consequent on an infraction of neutrality being resented by an enemy.

Fenianism suggests another set of difficulties. The infraction of neutrality involved in the toleration extended to the Fenians by the American Government is most glaring. The leaders openly collect volunteers, and money and arms, in order to make a piratical raid on British territory. Fenians are openly drilled in New York, and American newspapers teem with addresses inviting Fenians to prepare for war at the shortest possible notice. It is impossible to suppose that to permit this is not an infraction of neutrality. If in this country the ORLEANS Princes were allowed to buy arms, to collect money, and to drill troops in Leicester Square, advertising in the daily papers that they did this with the intention of landing in France and effecting a revolution, we may be sure that the EMPEROR would call on our Government to prosecute and punish them and their adherents, and to put down the attempt in every possible way. And if we did not do so, he would to a certainty declare war. The parallel is quite exact. The Fenians are doing as much in America, and the American Government rather encourage them than otherwise. We keep quiet, or even go into raptures of gratitude, if, when a Fenian raid is actually made, the military authorities of the United States give the freebooters no further assistance than that of securing them a safe retreat. We have our reasons for this passive policy, and probably they may be good ones. In the first place, we are sorry for the Irish. We feel that they have had, in times past, real grievances to complain of, and we are afraid that it is with some reason they do not love us. In the next place, we appreciate the difficulties of the American Government, and

know by experience how much illegality in the prosecution of popular enterprises or whims must be overlooked by the rulers of a free people. We cannot forget how openly Englishmen were enlisted to serve under GARIBALDI; how freely money was subscribed to support him, and how jauntily Lord PALMERSTON said in the House that he could not undertake to examine where an English traveller was bound to. Lastly, we do not like to quarrel with the Americans lightly, for we feel that they can easily hurt us on the vulnerable side of Canada. No rules of law could meet a case of this sort. ROBERTS might be prosecuted now if an American jury could be got to convict him. And if more stringent rules were laid down, and prosecutions were made easier in such cases, we should only feel all the more bound in honour to use the remedies we had devised, and the resentment of breaches of neutrality would be much more a matter of necessity. It is for the statesman quite as much as the lawyer, therefore, to consider the rules that can be prudently adopted; and although it is quite right to have put a lawyer at the head of the Commission—for we can only approach the subject by affecting to inquire into the scope of our own municipal laws—yet it would be a great mistake if the Commission were purely a legal one, and if the interests of trade and the general views of statesmen were not adequately represented on it.

AMERICA.

THE Republican party in the United States has no longer any opposition to encounter except from the PRESIDENT, and from the inherent difficulty of the political problem which is to be solved. The Democrats are utterly defeated, although they have consoled themselves by returning to Congress some of the most disreputable members of their party. The attempt of the moderate Republicans to coalesce with their ancient opponents proved an entire failure. The Union Convention at Chicago had scarcely been dissolved before the Republican seceders discovered that the mass of the party would, as usual in such cases, adhere to the recognised leaders. Mr. RAYMOND accordingly, who had chiefly organized the coalition, retired temporarily from public life, and his friends picked a quarrel with their new allies on the plausible ground that the Democrats preferred candidates of their own persuasion to recent converts. The American Cave of Adullam is now deserted, and its late inmates are suspiciously loud in their exultation over the failure of their party and their abortive policy. The majority in the future Congress will be independent of the PRESIDENT's veto, as it will be large enough to pass any disputed Bill by a plurality of two-thirds in both Houses. In the outgoing Congress, which will meet on the 4th of December, the Republicans command the Senate only by a simple majority. Although the legislative power of the next Congress will be absolute, the PRESIDENT retains for his term of office all executive functions; and the distribution of troops, and the choice of officers, rest wholly with the Government. As Mr. JOHNSON must by this time be satisfied that he has no chance of re-election, he has little motive for courting popular favour. The threatened impeachment, unless it is justified by some future usurpation, would produce an immediate reaction of public opinion. It can never have been intended by the framers of the Constitution that a President should be suspended from office whenever he disagrees with a majority in Congress; nor in the United States, of all countries, can a series of foolish speeches be regarded as a grave offence of State. There is little probability of a repetition of the Chicago tour; and it is still more unlikely that the Republican leaders will be gratified by any illegal act. The officious counsellors who recommend the PRESIDENT to restore the rights of the South by his own authority would shrink from acting on their own advice if they occupied a responsible position.

The local Conventions which nominated the successful candidates in the different States inclined generally to admit the Southern representatives to Congress on their acceptance of the Constitutional Amendment. On the other hand, the leaders of the party, including Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS, insist on the adoption of universal suffrage, at the same time openly avowing the opinion that the Southern States have forfeited their constitutional rights, and that for the present they ought to be governed as conquered territories. The more moderate proposal would probably prevail if the new Congress, on its meeting in the spring, could determine the whole question of reconstruction by a simple vote; but delays which are almost inevitable may perhaps strengthen the extreme party.

The PRESIDENT has definitely refused to recommend to the South the acceptance of the Constitutional Amendment; and some of the clauses are so unjust, and so intentionally offensive, that no legislative body will, except under the strongest pressure, prefer, as the phrase is, suicide to martyrdom. The adjustment of representative power to the number of electors in each State would be admitted as equitable, nor is there any serious objection to the recognition of the Federal debt and the compulsory repudiation of Confederate obligations which in any case will never be discharged. The gratuitous disqualification for State or Federal office of every person who, having taken an oath to the Constitution, afterwards favoured the Confederacy, is both iniquitous in itself, and especially obnoxious to the members of the State Legislatures. The entire South has always maintained that secession was consistent with the Constitution, and, consequently, that the oath has not been violated. A still more practical objection consists in the fact that all lawyers had taken the oath, and that, according to universal American practice, half the politicians and State representatives of the South belong to the profession which is to be excommunicated by the Amendment. If the North, or the Republican party, had anything to gain by the proposed exclusion, the injury would not assume the character of an insult. As the constituencies will be universally hostile to the dominant majority in Congress, a prohibition on the choice of their natural representatives will be as nugatory as was the exclusion of Catholic members from the House of Commons after the admission of Catholic electors to the franchise. Unless the vote can be affected, it is not worth while to stigmatize the person who claims to be a voter.

While the South is generally disposed to inaction, Republican and Democratic journalists are engaged in a vigorous controversy as to the probable results of contumacy. On one side it is said that the excluded States can suffer nothing further, and that, until their constitutional rights are restored, they may be content to administer their own local government, and to attend to their private affairs. Congress, it is argued, can only inflict additional penalties by means of Constitutional Amendments, and the South, with the aid of the sympathising Border States, can, as in the present instance, defeat any attempt to modify the Constitution. The more vehement Republicans reply that the Northern States can at their pleasure assume to themselves the exclusive right of representing the Union. The South, then engaged in war with the Federal Government, shared neither in the legislation of four years ago nor in the election of the PRESIDENT. If the victorious States were to prolong or to perpetuate their political monopoly, there would be no difficulty in passing any number of Constitutional Amendments by sufficient majorities. Two-thirds of the Legislatures of twenty-four or twenty-six States might abrogate the Governments and the political existence of Georgia or of South Carolina. It would be a less violent exertion of irresistible power to grant the suffrage to the negroes, and to disfranchise, as in Tennessee, all disloyal or independent whites. Even the more temperate Republicans are not indisposed to warn their Southern clients against the risk of unlimited penalties, to be imposed if they fail to effect a speedy compromise. The Sibylline books are offered at a comparatively reasonable price, and on the next occasion one or more of the volumes will probably be reserved by the vendor. It is, however, not quite certain whether the South or the North may in the present case prove to be the Sibyl.

In political action, as in argument, there is much convenience in reducing an antagonist to a logical or practical absurdity. There is even, in some cases, a satisfaction in forcing an overbearing enemy to become an oppressor and a persecutor. The Southern States have not the smallest intention of renewing a hopeless war, but American institutions furnish them with abundant facilities for passive resistance. The Federal Legislation cannot interfere in their domestic administration except in defiance of law, or under colour of Acts of Congress which must necessarily be inconsistent with the Constitution. A stronger security for the maintenance of existing rights consists in the non-existence of a Federal organization for internal government. Oppression is impossible without an army of occupation; and for two years more the PRESIDENT, unless he is impeached, will have absolute control of the army. When his term of office is expired, the peace establishment of the standing army will have been reduced to 50,000 men; and if the country should be engaged in war, there will be no troops to spare for the propagation of Southern hostility to the Government. Some time must elapse before Congress will determine on violent measures, and in the course of two years, before the Presidential and

Congressional elections, the feelings aroused by the war may have subsided, and the habitual moderation and good feeling which characterize the American people may preponderate over the supposed duty of asserting the rights of conquest. Part of the strong language which has been applied to the South has ceased to have a meaning or a purpose since the elections have been completed. It may be hoped that the rival enjoleries of both parties will, for the same reason, no longer be addressed to the Fenians. The prisoners who were first convicted at Toronto are not to be executed, and the same mercy will certainly be extended to their accomplices, unless they are proved in any case to have been guilty of some special atrocity. Notwithstanding Mr. SEWARD's irritating note, it would have been harsh and indiscreet to punish the culprits with death. The Government displayed little adroitness in selecting a Roman Catholic priest for trial, and the Irish have rejoiced in a new grievance, since an Episcopalian clergyman who had joined in the Fenian enterprise has been acquitted by a Canadian jury. The energies of American politicians ought for some time to be sufficiently occupied with the affairs of Mexico, and with the reorganization of the South.

THE EX-MINISTERS IN ITALY.

THE bery of ex-Ministers that has recently swept across Europe in the direction of Italy and Rome has attracted universal attention abroad. Foreigners indeed may be pardoned for eyeing suspiciously the movements of conspicuous English statesmen. They are accustomed to find royal, or diplomatic, or political journeys figuring repeatedly as the prelude to important events. Shortly before anything serious happens in Europe, somebody always, as a rule, goes somewhere for his health. Most Continental Foreign Offices keep a certain number of veteran old foxes who can bring their constitution to require any particular mineral waters at an hour's notice; and on the eve of a peace, a campaign, or an annexation, they distribute themselves in search of tone and digestion, wherever may be convenient. When a Frenchman, accordingly, is told that Mr. GLADSTONE has gone out all the way to Rome to repair his shattered nerves, he immediately recalls that this was the very purpose for which M. PERSIGNY went to Rome last year, just before he wrote his famous pamphlet on the Roman question. Lord RUSSELL's trip to Italy he interprets in a similar manner. It is an understood thing, he admits, that Lord RUSSELL goes for pleasure. So does Prince NAPOLEON. So do the Marshals of the Empire, and so does the EMPEROR's Private Secretary. But it would be difficult to persuade so shrewd and suspicious an observer as the ordinary Paris journalist that, underneath all this apparent flitting to and fro in quest of relaxation or amusement, there does not lie some deep design, which may remain undiscovered now, but which will explode as soon as the English Whigs return to Parliamentary power. Mr. GLADSTONE's designs upon the POPE in particular appear to have excited especial comment and apprehension. On his arrival, the ex-CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER went to see His HOLINESS, and malicious wags at home have not found it difficult to construct an imaginary bird's-eye view of the interesting scene. It is easy to conceive of the spirit of pious awe in which Mr. GLADSTONE, like a trembling neophyte, would approach the holder of the earliest episcopal seat in Christendom; how His HOLINESS must have blessed Mr. GLADSTONE with his pretended finger, and with what ineffable thankfulness Mr. GLADSTONE must have received the blessing. Englishmen, however, are not perhaps nearly so much afraid of Mr. GLADSTONE's carrying off the POPE, awkward as this country might find its new Pontifical acquisition, as of the POPE carrying off Mr. GLADSTONE. It is almost too serious a matter to joke about, because all of us have an uneasy and horrible suspicion that the thing might be done. His HOLINESS might send him back mounted on the Holy Sepulchre for a hobby, just as Mr. MILL mounted him in a single hour last session upon Coal. And as Mr. GLADSTONE, if he ever becomes a "vert," is tolerably sure to insist on the Liberal party, if not the whole House of Commons, becoming "verts" as well, it is important to all English politicians that his religious susceptibilities—which are, even as it is, luxuriant—should not be unnecessarily played with. The prayers which Exeter Hall is at present offering up at tea-parties all over the realm for Mr. GLADSTONE's preservation, are not therefore to be wondered at, but deserve our sympathy and adhesion. If the anxious Anglophobists of Paris only knew all, they would not trouble their heads needlessly about the danger of the POPE.

The mistake which foreigners have been making about the

ex-Ministers is one in which they are too readily in the habit of indulging about the English Foreign Office. They never seem able to remember that England has been for many years passing out of the atmosphere of diplomatic intrigue. In proportion as the nation has become self-governed, the power of any Minister to commit it to a policy of his own choosing of course declines; and though there is a good deal about English foreign policy that might be mended, the faults observable in it arise rather from the ignorance of Parliament or of the public than from the deliberate machinations of individual diplomatists. There is probably no Foreign Office in Europe which is so little at the mercy of its administrators. French diplomacy embodies the absolute will of the French EMPEROR, carefully moulded to meet the danger of internal discontent. The Prussian Foreign Office represents Count BISMARCK, except so far as he is interrupted and interfered with by the sudden inspirations of a semi-illuminated King. Baron BEUST will for the next few months keep the key of the conscience of FRANCIS JOSEPH, and will compose the Austrian despatches pretty much as he pleases. If any of these important personages, or any of their chosen familiars, were to take a sudden journey across Europe, there might be ground for gossip and suspicion. With respect to English statesmen the case is different. No single man, certainly not Lord RUSSELL or Lord CLARENDON, could venture to pledge England beforehand to any line of action in Continental affairs; and Mr. GLADSTONE, the greatest of the three, knows perhaps best of all that if he were one week to promise the POPE an asylum in Ireland, Exeter Hall, Mr. NEWDEGATE, and the Orangemen of Belfast might be strong enough to rescind the contract the next. A singular instance of the unimportance of personal opinions in the face of the general consent of Englishmen at large is afforded by the position of Lord DERBY's Government itself. There is scarcely a single recent international question on which some one member or another of the present Ministry has not expressed decided, if not extreme, Conservative opinions. On the subject of Italy, some of the chiefs of the party and of the Government have always been heterodox. More than one has shown, in German affairs, strong anti-Prussian proclivities; while, with respect to America, the entire body, Mr. DISRAELI excepted, sympathized openly and avowedly with the South. The balance of power has since been shifted; but such is the force of opinion that, in accepting office, Lord DERBY has had to accept the Liberal point of view of foreign politics, and actually begins to promise to outwhig the Whigs. If Mr. COBDEN were alive, he would see with amazement Tory horses carrying Manchester colours, and hear the doctrines of non-intervention proclaimed officially by the very party against whom they were originally directed. The Americans must be equally bewildered to find that it is from Tories that they are receiving unending assurances of friendship and fraternity. The change that has suddenly come over the tone of the party is a proof of the sense as well as the vigour of its leaders; but foreigners may draw from it the legitimate inference that the foreign policy of England in years to come will never pass out of the hands of the nation into the hands of a political group, still less into those of individual diplomatists.

The sensitive and jealous Parisians may therefore permit a few English gentlemen to wander at their will among the ruins of Rome, to visit the churches, inspect the pictures, and even to leave cards, if such should be their fancy, on Pio Nono, and on his Cardinal Ministers. They will hatch no more serious political programme during their stay than the Prince of WALES seems to have concocted at St. Petersburg in concert with the Greek Metropolitan. Just as the political orations of which His ROYAL HIGHNESS appears, according to M. REUTER, to have been the author, will neither set Syria nor Germany on fire, the Italian papers may rest satisfied that Mr. GLADSTONE's arrival at the Vatican has nothing on earth to say to the opportune departure of the French garrison. By this time the indefatigable ex-CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is far more likely to have picked up a dozen fresh theories as to the direction of the Via Sacra, and the position of the original temple of Vesta, five or six new views as to the place of the martyrdom of St. PETER, and, to crown all, one unshaken and invincible belief in the authenticity of St. PETER's chair, than to have matured with Cardinal ANTONELLI a single plan for lodging Pio Nono. Lord RUSSELL's thoughts, if he has travelled from Venice to Rome, are probably running on the undoubted fact that there were Whigs in the old Roman as well as in the English Commonwealth, and on the insoluble problem whether modern Whigs would look well in an ancient toga. We trust that when either he buttonholes Mr. GLADSTONE, or Mr.

GLADSTONE buttonholes him, this winter upon the Sacred Way, neither of them may be revolving in his mind matters of national or international import, but simply and solely be like the idler of old who said of himself—

Nescio quid meditare nugarum, et totus in illis.

THE PROJECTED DEMONSTRATION.

THE information which Mr. POTTER communicated to the Conference of the National Reform Union at Manchester illustrates the modesty, if not the astuteness, of his associates. According to this gentleman's statement, it would seem that he had the coolness to request Sir R. MAYNE to afford the protection and countenance of the police to the procession of Reformers which is to parade London on the 3rd of December. In other words, he asked that the police should disembarrass the streets of their ordinary traffic for the special accommodation of two hundred thousand operatives who on that day were to leave their usual work for the purpose of exhibiting their devotion to Reform by marching from Charing Cross to some part of the South-Western suburbs of London. To this very reasonable request Sir RICHARD replied that he was not empowered to employ his force in this mode, and that he should use it for the object for which it was established—i.e. the preservation of order. To a request equally cool that the FIRST COMMISSIONER of HER MAJESTY'S WORKS would facilitate arrangements for marshalling the procession in the Mall of St. James's Park or on the Parade, Lord JOHN MANNERS has replied by declining to be a party to such a negotiation, and by reminding the requisitionists of the responsibilities which they might incur if they carried out their programme.

These answers, however, good enough so far as they go, leave too much in vague uncertainty. Questions are suggested which it is easier to propose than to solve. Hitherto it has been held that large gatherings of people blocking up the streets of a city, driving the ordinary traffic from the mid-roads and passengers from the side-paths, are an infraction of the QUEEN'S peace. Has the old law been modified by any modern statute? or has any modern interpretation of the old law given the attribute of legality to that which was formerly illegal? If both these questions are answered in the negative, it is tolerably clear that such a procession as Mr. POTTER threatens is an illegal assemblage, unless it receives the express sanction of HER MAJESTY'S Government. If it does not receive this sanction, and if its progress either causes or involves any acts of violence, it becomes clear that the strongest force which the civil authorities can enlist would be legally employed in resisting and punishing them.

Now we do not say that, if this demonstration does take place, it must necessarily be accompanied by violence. Or rather, we should say that we do not suppose the proposers, leaders, and followers of it contemplated the deliberate perpetration of violence when they devised it. But it is utterly impossible to divest the idea of a huge assemblage of this kind from suggestions of turbulence and disorder. If it were possible to congregate two hundred thousand working-men for the purpose of exhibiting devotion to Reform, he would take too sanguine a view who expected that all of them should be orderly, peaceable, and well-disposed. Any one who resides in the neighbourhoods where working-men receive their weekly wages can form his own conclusion as to the proportion likely to exist between the law-abiding and the peaceful on one hand, and the turbulent and law-defying on the other. Say that only one-sixth of the whole array come under the latter denomination, and it is a pretty little problem to measure the exact amount of mischief which some 33,000 disorderly and undisciplined men may do when they find that they have the streets of London all to themselves. We are now taking the number as given—or threatened—by Mr. POTTER's own friends. We ourselves no more believe that 200,000 men will actually assemble in the Mall on the 3rd of December than we believe that 200,000 men listened to Mr. BRIGHT's speeches at Manchester and Glasgow. If any one will take the trouble to measure the ground occupied by a regiment of soldiers, eight hundred strong, either marching four abreast or formed in square, he will have an approximate notion of the ground which eight thousand men would occupy; and he will have a less distinct but still a certain notion of the space requisite either for the massing of twenty-five times that number, or for their marching in column eight abreast. To such a person it is obvious that it will be as impossible to mass 200,000 men at all in the Mall, or on the Parade of St. James's Park, as it is unlikely that, if the thing were possible, they would all belong to the industrial classes. But it is very probable that the whole multitude of working-men so

assembled would amount to one-fifth of this number, and it is almost certain that for every two real artificers there would be at least one of those unhappy Bohemians of proletarianism who would eagerly seize any opportunity of creating a disturbance. It is to this point that the attention of all—Reformers and anti-Reformers—should be directed. About the time of the shortest day, when darkness comes with opportune speed to cover up deeds of lawlessness and violence, the central and south-western parts of the English metropolis are to be scoured by the denizens of Whitechapel and Clerkenwell, under the pretence of proving their qualifications as good citizens. This is a matter on which the political tendencies or sympathies of educated men have only a secondary influence. Before we are partisans we are citizens; before we are politicians we are householders, or proprietors of some sort. There is not one of us, Tory, Whig, or Radical, who does not regard his own and his family's security and comfort as matters which ought to take precedence either of Reform or Conservative tactics. The most thorough-going representative even of a metropolitan constituency will hardly regard without uneasiness a procession of the "roughs" and "rowdies" from the North and East of London, under the protecting drapery of Reform emblems. A tender solicitude for the safety of plate-glass will chill the fervour of the most enthusiastic champion of an extended suffrage. And, however the heart of Paterfamilias may expand in sympathy with the yearnings of the unrepresented, it is more than probable that he will watch the demonstrative parade from behind bolted doors.

Sir R. MAYNE is a very important public officer. But, after all, he is only a ministerial officer, and it should not rest with the option of even the ablest ministerial officer, assisted by one Cabinet Minister, to decide whether the Royal Park of London should or should not be used as a parade-ground for political agitators and mobs. This is a point on which the Government ought to have, and to pronounce, a collective opinion. We are sensible enough of the impediments which obstruct a Tory Government, and of the adroitness with which the demagogues have availed themselves of these impediments. It was hoped last July that the new Ministry would be precipitated into a conflict with the "people." The expected unpopularity was largely discounted, but the anticipations of extreme Reformers were doomed to galling disappointment. Instead of cursing the mob, Mr. WALPOLE blandly blessed them; and instead of shedding blood, he shed only tears. In fact, it seemed a regular "cross" between the Government and the mob; and the only people who came to grief were the unhappy policemen who had obeyed orders. The events of that day are not exactly those on which British patriotism reflects with the serene self-complacency, nor are they of such a character as to entitle them to be made a precedent. Probably by this time the most democratic of Mr. BEALES's adherents and allies has, independently of Lord JOHN MANNERS's letter, mastered the doctrine that the Parks are not entirely at his own disposal, to disport himself in according to any whim or conceit of his own. But this advance in political learning will be dearly purchased at the price of a theory which supposes that the public streets may be substituted for the Parks, and that the whole business of the metropolis may be suspended at the caprice of demagogues. However hearty may be the sympathies of the employers and the employed on this question, or however deep the devotion of the middle classes to Reform, there still lingers, amongst Englishmen who have anything to lose, a strong dislike to the ostentatious menace of an anarchical mob. No one wishes to see any conflict between the populace and the Government or the military; but if a conflict were brought about by the wrongful or illegal acts, either of persons who originally met for a lawful and legitimate purpose, or of others who accompanied them for unlawful objects, then, much as they would regret the occurrence, no sensible or moderate men would venture to throw the responsibility on the Ministry. Men who were free from the ardour of partisan passion would then absolve the Administration from all blame, on the ground that its first duty is to protect the lives and properties of the QUEEN'S liegemen, and that the unresisted defiance of the lawful authority of the Executive constitutes in itself a permanent peril to life and property. Two courses are open to the Government. One is to allow this procession to be carried into effect. The other is to forbid it, and to prevent it from taking place. The first course throws upon the operatives the duty, not only of keeping order among themselves while on the line of march, but also of maintaining peace and order among that rowdy and motley herd which is sure to accompany them—a task which the best-disposed and most intelligent of the body would probably

decline to undertake. The second involves the necessity of facing some unpopularity, and of concerting measures of repression which a speaker of the BEALES species would denounce as tyrannical. While Mr. WALPOLE holds the seals of the Home Department, it is superfluous to indicate which of the two paths is most likely to be taken by the Government. Nor should it be overlooked that there are grounds of policy on which it may not be wholly undesirable to allow this procession to have its way. Such a concession would disabuse the operatives of the suspicion that they are thwarted simply because they are operatives and Reformers. Next, it would throw upon them a degree of responsibility which they might feel to be painfully oppressive. At any rate, the inconvenience caused by this indulgence would be so wide-spread that all the trading classes of London would remonstrate against its repetition with an earnestness and unanimity which no Minister could defy. In either case, order and constitutional principles would gain in the end. If, however, encouraged by the success of their first effort, or undismayed by its failure, the working-classes still insisted on annoying the metropolis by similar displays, then there would clearly be made out a case for a line of action demanding qualities of an entirely different nature from the amiable urbanity and sentimental tenderness of the present HOME SECRETARY.

THE LESSON OF LISSA.

THE moral of the great Prussian victory has been dwelt upon so constantly in the press of every European country as almost to throw into the shade the most striking lesson to be gathered from the Italian defeat in the waters of the Adriatic. An article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, attributed to the pen of a Prince once the leader of the French navy, in discussing the combat of Lissa, suggests some inferences from the present condition of the navies of the world which deserve the most serious consideration of our naval administrators. Into the primary causes to which the unexpected discomfiture of the Italian fleet is attributed—the inefficiency of the crews, and especially of the officers, and the neglect by Admiral PERSANO of that preliminary training by which the Austrian Admiral organized victory—we are not anxious to follow the writer. Enough has been said upon that subject, and it is only important to us as showing how a vast superiority in weight of metal and in every kind of material appliance may be neutralized by want of skill at the decisive moment. There is no longer any mystery as to the tactics which decided the battle. The Austrians—mainly, perhaps, in consequence of the known inferiority of their armament—were taught to rely upon the newest and, at the same time, the oldest of naval manœuvres. Their instructions seem to have been to bear down at full speed upon the extended line of the enemy, and to plunge pell-mell on every opportunity into the sides of an opposing ship. To butt at anything grey was the essence of Admiral TEGETHOFF's orders, and most effectually they were carried out.

The first inference which the battle suggested was that, contrary to the opinion of most professional men in this and other countries, the ram or beak had proved its superiority to every other weapon of attack, not excepting the most formidable specimens of modern artillery. It is a fact that the ponderous shot and shell fired from the Armstrong guns of the Italian squadron did little damage, while the imperfectly constructed vessels of their enemy sank and disabled the finest of the ironclads on which Italy had spent so many millions. Was this anything more than an accidental result, or is it to be accepted as a guide and a warning to the constructors of future fleets? The author of the article we have referred to expresses a decided opinion that no general inference in favour of the new tactics can be fairly drawn from this brilliant example. He holds that the fatal blow may be so easily evaded, at any rate in a duel between two ships, that it does not deserve to rank as a real tactical manœuvre, except when a number of ships are able to concentrate their attacks upon a single enemy. This seems to us a very inadequate view of the efficiency of the ram-prow. In modern warfare, single combats between two ships, like the engagement of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, are likely to be rare, and, in the absence of any marked superiority on one side in speed and handiness, will probably be decided for the most part, as heretofore, by the Nelsonian tactics of boarding on the first opportunity; but, even with this view, the threat of destruction by a direct attack from a ram-bow might be expected to throw the enemy into a position in which he would scarcely escape being grappled and boarded. More-

over, the special advantage of this mode of attack is by no means confined (as indeed the combat of Lissa proved) to the case where one ship is exposed to a superior force. In the midst of a general mêlée, where two hostile fleets are enveloped in smoke, it must be supremely difficult so to manœuvre as to escape the blow of a vessel which may come within half a cable's length before its position is ascertained. Doubtless, the new tactics will not supersede the use of effective cannon, or altogether neutralize the protection of iron armour; but enough is established in their favour to prove the necessity of so constructing all our larger men-of-war as to enable them, when opportunity offers, to run down an enemy. One great advantage of this mode of attack is that armour is no protection against it. The *Ré d'Italia* was a first-class frigate, plated from stem to stern. When she was butted by the *Max*, a vessel of not more than two-thirds of her tonnage, she heeled over some forty-five degrees and disclosed a yawning chasm in her side of sixty square feet in extent. As she yielded to the momentum of the attacking enemy, she exposed, not only her plated sides, but the unprotected hull below; and wood and iron were stove in together, leaving an opening for the sea which no human power could fill up. The next roll filled her with water, and in two minutes she sank with all her crew. Nothing so terrible as this, except perhaps the explosion of a magazine—of which the ill-fated Italians also furnished an example—has ever before been witnessed in a naval engagement; and it needs more confidence than we can feel in the efficacy of skilful manœuvres to believe that such a catastrophe can always be avoided, even by the ablest seamanship.

The fate of another Italian ship, the *Palestro*, has a warning specially directed to us. Like many of our ironclads, her extremities were unprotected, and her hull was of wood. The consequence was that, early in the engagement, she took fire, and by her explosion another ship and crew were lost to the Italians. It is almost as important that a frigate should not be inflammable as that her vital parts should be proof against ordinary shot. The *Palestro* was probably sufficiently plated to be tolerably safe from destruction by the effect of shot; but it is useless to keep out the water if fire is not also excluded, and against such shells as now form the chief naval ammunition a partially armoured vessel is scarcely more safe than an old wooden frigate. A third condition of efficiency is, with equal reason, insisted on by the writer in the *Revue*. Every ship should be thoroughly handy and under command, and to this end she must neither be of disproportionate length, nor must her rudder or screw be exposed to destruction. The Italians attribute the loss of the *Ré d'Italia* to the fact that her rudder, as they allege, was disabled, and she was, consequently, unable to manœuvre out of reach of the *Max*; but whether this was so or not, it is sufficiently obvious that, if naval conflicts are to turn at all upon actual collision between opposing ships, those which are the most easily steered and the least liable to suffer in this most vital point will have an immense advantage. We should be glad to believe that the generality of our ironclads satisfy these indispensable conditions.

The failure of the *Affondatore* to produce any decisive effect on the action is to be attributed rather to her unwieldy proportions, and to inefficient handling, than to her peculiarity as the only turret-ship of the squadron. At the same time, it may perhaps be said with truth that the advantages of the turret system are more conspicuous in long-range fighting than in the confusion of a close engagement. More skilful sailors would scarcely have wasted all the shots from her powerful guns; but, as a ram, her want of handiness seems to have more than neutralized her superiority in speed.

There is yet one more lesson to be learned from Lissa, not without encouragement to England. The wooden ships of the Austrian fleet did excellent service even in the presence of a strong force of ironclads. The wooden *Kaiser*, by clever handling, escaped every attempt on the part of the *Affondatore* to run her down; and her captain would have well deserved the honour he has won even if he had done no more than engage all the attention of the finest of the Italian ironclads. That her loss was far more severe than that of any other ship in the fleet, is only what might have been foretold; but her exploits are enough to prove that, in good hands, our old wooden walls need not be so entirely useless as it has been the fashion to assume. And even if this were otherwise, there is much to be done by intelligent conversion of our despised line-of-battle-ships. Some thirty or forty ships at least of the class which formed our fleet during the Russian war are said to be still in perfect condition; and though it would no doubt be a mistake to construct a new hull of wood at the present day, there is one mode of dealing with these vessels which

experience has shown to be most effective. The *Royal Sovereign* is made out of an old wooden ship; and at a comparatively moderate cost we may, by the same process, construct as many turret-ships as we could desire, by simply cutting down the upper works of our old liners, and replacing them by the ironclad sides and turrets of Captain COLES's model. Nor is there any reason why in this process mere harbour ships should alone be produced. A hull of 4,000 or 5,000 tons of floating power will support all the weight that is needed for a cruiser with two or more turrets, and the expense of the conversion would be less than half the cost of building an entirely new ship of equal efficiency.

Such are a few of the hints to be gathered from the last example of naval tactics; and, if for once prejudice would give way to common sense in the councils of the Admiralty, we might easily escape the reproach, which is levelled at us in the *Revue*, of having done no more than follow in the wake of France, and allowed our boasted supremacy on the ocean to become a mere tradition of the past. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON is fond of reconstruction, and he has now an opportunity of gratifying his taste with more economy and more permanent effect than when he converted our sailing fleet into a squadron of screw-steamers.

THE LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY.

THE private or corporate affairs of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway have, partly from the magnitude of the sums involved and partly from the typical character of the transactions, become matters of general concern. The heavy depreciation of railway shares and securities generally may, to a great degree, be attributed to the discredit which attaches to one conspicuous Company. The actual collapse of the Chatham finances was caused by the impossibility of renewing the debentures which fell due at Midsummer. If the principal sums could have been reborrowed, a considerable part of the interest would have been forthcoming from the revenue, and the remainder would probably have been provided for by temporary arrangements. If the debenture-holders could have agreed among themselves not to press their claims to repayment, they would have avoided or postponed a heavy loss; but every holder of a bond naturally looked to himself alone, and a large number insisted on the immediate discharge of the debt. The Company consequently suspended payment, and the Court of Chancery, on taking possession of the estate, necessarily placed all creditors of the same rank on an equal footing. The interest has no priority over the principal, and the creditors can only have recourse to the net earnings of the railway, unless they force a sale of the whole undertaking. The remaining debentures will rapidly fall due, and it will of course be impossible to renew a shilling of the debt. It is therefore necessary to do something, and, in the project of a Bill which has lately been circulated, the Directors resort to the well-known device of shooting another arrow in the direction in which a whole quiverful has previously been lost. Unless more money can be raised, the ruin of the Company is complete; and it is obvious that no capitalist will advance a farthing except as a first charge on the property of the railway. The debenture-holders are therefore asked to postpone their claims for the purpose of rendering their unlucky debtors wholly or partially solvent. As the proposed stock can only be raised by the authority of Parliament, which will require the assent of a large proportion of creditors, the bondholders have the power of adopting or rejecting the proposal of the Board. The consent of the preference shareholders will be equally indispensable, but it will be obtained with comparative ease, for an owner of five per cent. stock in the Chatham Company will be only too happy to concur in any measure which offers him even a distant hope of receiving a part of his guaranteed dividend. The ordinary shareholders will still more readily postpone their imaginary claim to a return for their outlay. Few among them have the misfortune to be original allottees, for the stock was taken up by the contractors at a discount of more than seventy per cent. The present holders are speculative purchasers of a stock which, if the share-list may be trusted, still represents a saleable contingency worth seventeen or eighteen per cent. on the nominal value.

It is, in fact, not impossible that the railway may at some future time become solvent, and even prosperous, if the financial crisis can by any means be tided over. Its capabilities of traffic are great, and as yet they have scarcely been tried. The metropolitan extensions, and the connection by way of Blackfriars with the Northern railways, may become sources of enormous profit. Although it is im-

possible to unravel the accounts of contractors, and of their agents or partners on Railway Boards, it may be roughly conjectured that the works have been constructed at an expense to the shareholders of not more than double the actual cost. A portion of the difference fairly represents the risk incurred by the contractors who found the money; and the remainder measures the greater or less elasticity of various official and commercial consciences. The losses which have been sustained are not deductions from the aggregate wealth of the country, but transfers from one section of the community to another. Purchasers of Chatham preference stock have only to blame their own judgment or the recommendations of their professional advisers. In some cases they may perhaps think it worth while to inquire into the commission which may have been paid by the Company to the brokers for placing the shares; and if the brokers became rich as their clients on both sides became poor, unpleasant inferences will certainly be drawn. The debenture-holders stand on an entirely different footing from the proprietors; and in deciding on the acceptance or rejection of the new proposal, they will be fully justified in insisting on their extreme legal rights.

The Directors propose to issue 1,500,000*l.* perpetual five per cent. stock, to take priority over all other stocks and debentures, and to be a first charge on the undertaking. The money raised is to be applied, first, in paying debenture interest, or the balance thereof, up to June 30, 1868; then, in paying land claims and various debts other than the principal of debentures; and lastly, in completing authorized lines, with the exception of the Walworth and Peckham branch. All actions or suits for debts are to be suspended, except with the sanction of the Court of Chancery, for twelve months; and all actions or suits for the principal of debentures for five years. There are provisions of minor importance for creating a four per cent. debenture stock, which it will be difficult to float, and for adjusting and simplifying the rights of various classes of preference shareholders. It will be extremely difficult to pass such a Bill through Parliament, unless all parties concerned are nearly unanimous in support of the project. As the principal representatives of the Company, including the secretary and the contractor, have already raised more than 500,000*l.* of debentures on a fictitious subscription of share capital, and have also issued other debentures of so illegal a character that Sir MORTON PETO, after depositing them as a security for money, denies that they were debentures, Parliament will require unexceptionable evidence of the amount and nature of the debts which are, by an extraordinary exertion of legislative power, to be temporarily confiscated. Land claims and LLOYD's bonds, issued with or without consideration, form only a part of the liabilities now weighing on the Company. The shareholders and debenture-holders are perhaps not aware of the wanton proceeding of the Directors in having made the Company liable for one-half of the working expenses of the London, Lewes, and Brighton Railway. If the line is ever completed, the charge will take precedence, not only of the debenture interest, but of the dividends on the new five per cent. stock. On the other hand, the Company will incur a penalty of 25*l.* per day for the non-completion of the Lewes and Brighton Railway, after the time limited in the Act. The same reckless policy may not improbably have been exhibited in other forms which are not yet publicly known. The promoters of an exceptional Bill will find that their task is not facilitated by their ill-luck in coming before Parliament with hands the reverse of clean.

The debenture-holders at present show no disposition to accept the compromise. One of them inquires, in a letter to the *Times*, what became of a sum of 800,000*l.* charged in the accounts for commission and interest. The same writer refers to the promotion of the former Secretary to a seat at the Board, not perhaps knowing that he could scarcely remain a salaried officer, as he had become a candidate for a borough in the neighbourhood of a landed estate which he had purchased in a midland county. Except for the gratification of curiosity, such questions are altogether useless. Holders of debentures have only to calculate whether they will get their principal and interest more certainly and more speedily by supporting the Bill of the Company than by forcing a sale of the railway. The Directors themselves prospectively assent to a sale if, after five years, the net earnings prove insufficient to cover the debenture interest and the dividends on the new preference stock. The purchase-money would probably be sufficient to pay off both classes of claimants, but if the Bill receives the sanction of Parliament, the new preference shareholders will take precedence. It will naturally occur to the holders of de-

bentures that an immediate sale would anticipate a million and a half of proposed claims on the assets of the Company. Unless they are satisfied that the Parliamentary scheme will absolutely secure their principal and interest, their assent to the plan will certainly be withheld. The interest to June, 1868, will be payable out of the principal sum to be raised, and by that time the net earnings will almost certainly be large enough to meet the debenture interest. The interest on the new five per cent. stock, amounting to 75,000*l.* a year, must be paid in full before the debenture-holders can receive a shilling; but it is possible that in two years the increase of the revenue may be sufficient for both purposes. If the earnings should be insufficient, there will be no other funds applicable to the purpose until the undertaking is sold. It is not proposed to apply the proceeds of the preference stock to the payment of interest from 1868 to 1871, and the principal sum itself will be exhausted in discharging the debts. It must be remembered that the five per cent. stock will almost necessarily be issued at a discount, for the character of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company is so ragged that it must be patched with money. Before the debenture-holders commit themselves to a final decision, they will do well to inform themselves of the mode of selling up the railway, of the cost of the process, and of the probability of finding a purchaser.

LITERARY TUMBLERS.

ANYBODY who considers the vast amount of ephemeral literature produced in this favoured country cannot fail to be struck with the universal desire of writers who cater for the appetites of partially educated men and women to provide something funny and witty for their entertainment. One good poet represents, as we know, a floating mass of some thousand unrecognised poetasters, whose poetry is only appreciated by their sisters, and still more by their sisters' governesses. But for every single work of real humour there are, it would seem, millions of little *jeux d'esprit* the authors of which are always anxiously attempting to amuse their fellow-creatures, and to rise to the level of wagery at least. And it is a pleasure for all thoughtful minds to be able to reflect that the ambition to be thought funny is much more easily gratified than the wish to be thought a fine or grand poet. Nobody who begins the race with health and spirits, and a patient resolution to learn, need leave hope behind. Every literary tumbler, no matter what his merits, represents, we may be sure, an audience who stop still to look at him, or else his tumbling would come to a speedy end, and the magazine or newspaper which now knows him would know him no more; and one need scarcely say that there is every possible sort of audience to be discovered if tumblers only choose the right streets and thoroughfares in the Vanity Fair of literature. Between buffoonery and humour there are plenty of gradations, in the world of letters as well as upon the stage. But there is one characteristic so common to all that it may almost be taken as the type of the innumerable varieties of artificial fun upon which the public are regaled. This is cheeriness—a sort of literary sugar-candy invented originally by Mr. Dickens, and spread thick over all his really humorous compositions. And when we see the success of the many correspondences of the daily papers all over the habitable globe, and admire the sort of universal brotherhood that subsists between the travelling gentlemen who are cheery in America and their colleagues who are equally cheery at Paris, or Constantinople, or Venice, or Brussels, or Vienna, one cannot help wondering whether, after all, it was Mr. Dickens's genius and humour, or his cheeriness and resolution to seem amiable, that made the middle and lower classes like him. It is evident that if cheeriness, unaccompanied by the more substantial stuff which the mannerism of Mr. Dickens covers, is only a poor sort of varnish, at all events it is a very saleable article; and though, unlike the quality of mercy, it cannot be said never to be strained, in another way it resembles the quality of mercy very well, inasmuch as it affords apparently equal satisfaction to the giver and the receiver. It is easy to conceive the instructions with which these gentlemen set out on their genial way; how their employer, on dismissing them to Timbuctoo or to St. Petersburg, when he squeezes their hand for the last time, reminds them above all things of the imperative necessity of being cheery; how they go forth determined—whether the object of their journey be the Andes or the Himalayas, Christians or cannibals, war, commerce, or a royal marriage—to survey it from a strictly cheery point of view. And imagination can suggest the sort of literary person who is always so cheery. What he has to do is no easy matter at the outset. He has to transplant to foreign climates and unknown countries the qualities which make the British bagman so deservedly popular upon the road, and at railway inns, in his own happy land. To do this, and to do this well, is not perhaps a mark of the greatest literary talent, but it requires considerable energy and rough power. To know exactly how to call your gondolier Antonio, and the waiter at your *café* Philippe, and to know how to write pleasantly in your letters home about their manners and the half-hours spent in their society, and to be able above all things to extract from their conversation information enough about the life and *haute*

politique of the country to give those home letters a considerable flavour of fashion and diplomacy, is no mean art. This kind of cheeriness is not a universal accomplishment. There are lots of English gentlemen who do care very much where and how they dine and sleep when they are travelling, but only the gifted few care to describe in a boisterous and picturesque way the fish they had for dinner, and the insects they had afterwards, or to hint, for the benefit of the thousands at home, that they are sufficiently acquainted with the *coulisses* of the Opera to call Clotilde by her Christian name. It is not everybody who could do this sort of thing, but cheeriness does it, and does it on the whole well, and in a way worthy of its hire.

Like other styles, the cheery style has its disadvantages, while it has its obvious excellences; and one disadvantage is that it is not easy to go on being cheery upon paper day after day without becoming a little affected, and a little intrusive of one's own personal individuality. When the cheery correspondent has once established a reputation, and is known as the funny fellow at Paris or Timbuctoo, he has to keep up the pace, and never can afford not to be comical. The first thing that happens to him is that he begins to talk a good deal about himself. He has become a person instead of a pen, and finds it necessary to tell us where he walked in the afternoon, and whom he saw; and it would be very difficult for him, after a few weeks, not to draw a little upon his fancy for descriptions of the social sphere in which he is moving. The downward progress of the cheery correspondent, as far as these little white lies are concerned, may be without difficulty conceived. One week, in a moment of thoughtlessness, and without reflecting upon all the consequences, he allows himself to dine with a fictitious duke. He finds the effect good, very good, and very cheaply attained. The next week he does it again; and the third week he goes with him (on paper) to the Cercle or to the races. Writing home about imaginary dukes is such an inexpensive way of mixing in all the best society of the Continent, that the cheery correspondent at last finds himself rapidly becoming an unknown star of fashion in his own printing-office, before he has had time to learn the names of the streets where he is staying. The devil of it is (if we may be pardoned the expression) that the poor fellow, having once launched into this sort of social distinction, is obliged to keep it up. He must go to all the balls of all the duchesses, in imagination if not in reality, frequent the little parties at Court, and know all that is doing at the Embassy, or there is an end of him; and the drain upon his mental powers is very serious. Cheeriness brought him to this, and cheeriness alone can get him out of it. Accordingly, he flourishes away as best he can, and dashes off diplomatic and fashionable intelligence in positive despair. The knowing way in which he works off an Empire or two in a sentence is, and ought to be, a study to all slower artists. This characteristic is indeed common to all cheery correspondents, whether they indulge in the little venial fictions we have described or not. There is a talk about complications at Vienna, but the cheery correspondent has been warned on the best authority that there is nothing in it. He has reason, from what he has learnt at the Embassy, to assure his readers that there is absolutely no foundation for the rumour that the Queen of Spain has eloped with the leading tenor of the Opera Lyrique, or that another pronunciamento is preparing by General Prim. The French Emperor is looking better than ever, and it was only the other day that Marshal X. remarked to a "friend of mine" that he should not be surprised if there was a decided movement against the Jesuits in Upper Austria before the winter was out. These little political gems are, however, only pauses in the waltz—the endless bewildering waltz of cheeriness, geniality, and fun. It is a happiness, for all those who do not and could not possess such spirits, to think that there are those who do; and that some of those who do may not be, after all, bad fellows, or necessarily resemble bagmen, except perhaps in their literary style.

The literary tumblers, however, who accompany royal personages on their tours, or who settle down to see and record life as it is at some Continental metropolis, are only one out of many species of tumblers. Their name is, indeed, legion. There is the tumbler who publishes his volume of comic sketches, as there is the tumbler who communicates to country papers the latest gossip from what he calls Pall Mall. One very high effort which tumblers are occasionally obliged to attempt is the task of making padding cheery. To cast a general atmosphere of high spirits over some of the more popular pieces of information which the Encyclopedia contains, and to transfer the whole with an air of graceful banter to a magazine, is a considerable feat, and one which tries the aspirant's powers in no slight degree. If any young beginner wishes to see what a veteran can do in such a line, he has only to turn to the pages of a magazine published this month, and admire the performances of one who is said, by those who are initiated into such matters, to be a first-rate tumbler indeed. The tumbler in question appears to be writing an article on one of the principal streets in one of the chief provincial towns in England, and an instructive article too. Suddenly the thought seems to flash across him that he has not made a joke for a whole page or so, and that the time has come for him to tumble again. Accordingly, *apropos* of the want of novelty in the streets of Manchester, he performs the following literary exploit; which we only mention because it is the kind of thing tumblers have to do, and may be chosen as an instance of what the young ones may hope to come to, when they are well fledged and strong upon their legs:—

I mean to write an essay, some of these days, upon the "Monotony of Modern Civilisation." Some notion of the monotony I mean may, perhaps, come over you in perusing these papers. One street is closely similar to another. *Cæsarea* and *Pompeii* are very much alike, especially *Pompeii*.

This is an instructive extract, because it illustrates at one and the same moment several features that distinguish the tumbler. In the first place, we may see that cheeriness puts a man immediately on familiar terms with a large portion of his audience; and we must not look at this from a too fastidious or educated point of view. A great many honest, though perhaps uncultivated, English people like a little familiarity in their newspaper or their review, just as they like a dash of audacious brusqueness in their popular preacher. When they buy their paper at the corner of the street, they expect to be chuckled under the chin by some pleasant-hearted penman in its columns, and would rather miss the absence of such an attention than otherwise. Nobody who did not know this trait in the character of the semi-literary masses would venture to think he was interesting them by promising them an essay some day or other on something different from his present essay. A tumbler, however, who has the ear of his audience may do it, and do it well. And, in the second place, no tumbler who was not thoroughly at his ease would ever be cool enough to hazard the fun about *Cæsarea* and *Pompeii*, which, so far as the argument of the essay is concerned, is of course absolutely pointless. The author does not mean it to be otherwise than pointless. All that he intends to use it for is to remind his audience, "Though I am firing away padding for the nonce, I am your old tumbler after all, and as cheery as ever in spite of the dreariness of the task." And such little gambols in the middle do perhaps make padding more tolerable to the tumbler's admirers. If anybody can make padding light and puffy for the million, it is a literary genius who can stop to smile and pat them on the back while he is composing it. And as reading padding is a meritorious exercise, there can be no doubt that the tumbler who encourages young men and women of any class to read it is, upon the whole, a benefactor to his species.

One great way of knowing a tumbler, when we see him, is to watch whether or not his object is to describe what he sees, or to describe himself. Literary tumbling, consisting as it does of jovial personal antics on the part of the performer, necessarily draws the attention of the reader from the subject to the man. And thus writing about the subject becomes twenty times as easy as before; just as it is easier for the Wizard of the North to get through a card-trick when the company are watching his grimaces. The other day a tumbler at Venice had to write several columns about a Royal procession down the Grand Canal. As Venice has been frequently, and one would think sufficiently, described already, and as the adventures of a gondola can be exhausted, the task was no easy one. What did the tumbler do? He described the "Derby-dog." The Derby-dog led, by an evident association of ideas, to the Venetian dog, and as Venetian dogs may be seen on the Grand Canal, the transition to gondolas became simple. Nobody of course objected to this, because it was a tumbler who did it, and in literature the tumbler is a privileged person. He fills a very distinct gap, and fills it with ability, and appears to enjoy his own occupation as much as most men enjoy their particular calling.

SHORT OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

THE Divorce Court has resumed its sittings, but as yet nothing exceptionally pungent or prurient has scandalized and delighted the moral and religious public. It is quite possible that greater piquancy is yet in store, but the amount of real novelty and originality destined to appear on that interesting stage this season is still a matter of conjecture. The names of one or two old favourites are down on the list of future entertainment, but whether they will be able to produce any new effects and striking situations remains to be seen. For these we may, after all, have to trust to *debutantes* who may turn out comparatively tame and commonplace. To be a star in the Divorce Court, like being a star anywhere else, requires a union of qualities, both positive and negative, which are not to be had for the asking. A lady and gentleman may have every virtue, or what might seem better, every vice, or many of the infinite gradations of character which lie between these extremes, and yet be quite unequal to cutting a distinguished figure in the Divorce Court. It takes a good deal more to get people there, and, when there, to produce telling and effective scenes, than many persons are apt to think. Complete incompatibility of temper, utter estrangement and discord, to the proverbial cat-and-dog extremity, are not nearly sufficient. Even love-letters of a certain unpermitted character will not always answer the purpose. In a word, there are people who practise divorce, and there are people who do not; and the two classes are generically different. The wayward levity, the unconscious but superb selfishness, the abject dereliction of duties and responsibilities wittingly assumed, which unerringly conduct one class before Sir James Wilde, do not operate upon, because absent from, the other, who nevertheless may be draining the cup of matrimonial bitterness in far more copious draughts. Just as there are men who have apparently all the qualities of greatness, yet whom neither time, opportunity, nor failure can make great, so there are couples seemingly made to be divorced who, nevertheless, will never be separated. Both the good and the evil in them combine to produce this result. The fear of God and the fear of Mrs. Grundy are for ever warning

them, whatever else they may do, to stop short of the Divorce Court.

There are persons to whom married life has been one long nightmare from the first—from the confused, chaotic, and for ever inexplicable moment of engagement, through the unreal pretence and pageantry of the wedding-day, down to the weary mournful hours which now are, of settled isolation and gloom, when all savour seems taken out of life, and the future is closed by a dead wall reaching to the skies. Externally, the households of such persons often enough present an unbroken surface of peace and happiness. And truly, as the situation is one suggesting thoughts too deep for tears, the icy calm of resignation, if not of despair, is the most fitting outward embodiment it can take. Now the common and gross verdict of the world, when it hears of matrimonial infelicity, is that there are faults on both sides; and this is lamentably true too often to make the opinion manifestly absurd on the face of it in any given case. But it is at least as likely to be wrong as right. When one reflects on what the relations are which marriage establishes between two persons, on the hit-or-miss sort of way in which the majority of marriages are brought about, and on the manifold variety and infirmity of human nature, the wonder is indeed entirely to be given to the comparative success which often falls to matrimonial enterprise. To live in unceasing contiguity with another human being, to admit her or him into the very sanctuary of your inner mind and heart, would appear on *à priori* grounds a desperate, if not a frenzied, undertaking. Experience so often demonstrates its feasibility that an uncritical world feels itself quite justified in "congratulating" the man or woman, as a matter of course about which there can be no fear or jeopardy, on having staked their all upon one die, on having placed all their eggs in one basket, on having recklessly or advisedly made the great leap in the dark, on having taken the header which is to last for life. And then, when everything turns out amiss, when the marriage bells ring in the ears of the persons most concerned like the funeral knell of departed hope and peace, the same uncritical world declares, "Oh, there are faults, deep and undoubted faults, on both sides, or matters would never be thus." In anything which involves the actions and sentiments of human beings faults will probably be found more or less. The question is, are the faults in the persons, or in the relation of those persons to one another? Incompatibility of temper is a fatality in our relations to others which can never be cured, and one which very often can barely be endured; but is it a vice or defect, in the ordinary meaning of the words, in the incompatible tempers? It may be replied that people should ascertain this point of their mutual compatibility before they marry. Beyond all question they should. Men, and women too, should always be wise and cautious, should always calculate the probable consequences of every step they take, and never act without full and mature knowledge of all the facts of the case. Let it be granted most fully that it is truly lamentable that we are not all perfect; that everything would be simplified, and more pleasant, if we were. But what is the inference it is intended we should draw? Even this, that a long death in life is the fitting penalty for lacking a deep and wide intuition into character—one of the rarest and most extraordinary gifts vouchsafed to man.

Just as a strange harshness and want of sympathy is often noticed in chaste matrons and spinsters for any frailties of their less fortunate sisters, so in comfortable Benedicks a sort of contempt may be observed for persons who are guilty of matrimonial infelicity. They will not hear explanations. They resent a failure in a line of conduct which has been so successful with themselves. An alderman dyspeptic unto death with good living is not more incapable of realizing the pangs of starvation than is an anxious husband of comprehending the woes of an ill-assorted union. His experience gives him no standard by which to estimate or measure such a thing. He conceives it can only come from perverseness and wickedness. Waxing fat in the midst of his own comfort, he despises people who do not go and do likewise. To such our words must appear the offspring of exaggeration or delusion. To others they may appear only too tragically true. Men who, like Burke, can say "Every care vanishes when I enter my own home," cannot comprehend the case of those who seek their local habitation with leaden feet and a peculiar frosty feeling about the region of the heart. Women who can sit in patient ecstasy, waiting with a quickening pulse for the glimpse of a face and the echo of a step which is softer to them than all musical chords, cannot conceive the coffin-bound existence of those who listen with catching breath for the sound of a dreaded approach, who hear the indubitable step on the stair with a swelling throat, and shudder through every nerve when the opening door admits the unloved one.

The cynical proverb says, that in love-matters there is always one dupe. This is certainly very often the case in infelicitous matrimony, whatever may happen in the course of true love when it does run smooth. Be the explanation what it may, it is a fact that some natures attract, nay, compel affection, and others do the exact reverse. Many women, and here and there a man, appear gifted with a sort of magnetic influence which wins and subdues true and genial human souls. It is a singular specific power which may strangely coexist with manifold unamiable and repellent qualities. Napoleon, the most selfish of men, had it in a marked degree. Nevertheless, whatever company of meager endowments may go along with it, it is one of the truest marks of a rare and elevated nature. To have it.

you must be rich, genial, and human, whatever else you may be. There are persons who seem to radiate, as from an inward fire, warmth, aspiration, and high resolve; grand conceptions come to you in their presence, wide panoramas are unfolded, the future appears lovely and bright. On the other hand, there are people who suffocate you when much alone with them. The very sky seems to fall, and shut you in like a dome of brass, while they are by you. They cast a lethargy on the feelings and the faculties which feels like the beginning of spiritual faintness. What they do or say, or leave undone or unsaid, appears equally wrong. Now, in the long chapter of accidents, persons of the very diverse orders of character here spoken of are occasionally mated as man and wife. The heavens must help them, for there is no help from man. The usual result is that the rich sympathetic nature is idolized by its mate, whilst the poor and thin one is at most endured. And yet it may not be doubted that the latter is the more enviable, so far as mere comfort is concerned, of the two. Hard as it may be to love without return, when this is known, yet it is not always known; and even when it is, the case is not much altered. But to be loved, and to feel at the same time an absolute incapacity to reciprocate love, to be the subject of gentle and thoughtful care and goodwill which you can only in a mechanical and external sort of way give back—this is hard indeed to a mind owning a spark of generosity. The temptation to commit a pious fraud, in the way of simulating a warmth and feeling which do not exist, is all but irresistible; and is it not excusable? Why disturb or shatter a faith and sentiment which you would give worlds to share? Many a man with his wife's hand in his has sat little dreaming how far her heart was away, and cruel would she have been to tell him.

It is often suggested, by kind but rather dull people, when they become cognisant of any case resembling what we have been attempting to describe, that all would be put right if the ill-starred couple were to have children—i.e. supposing them to have none already. But, besides that the prescription is not often of much practical utility, even if it were, its efficacy is by no means beyond dispute. That children increase the strength of all legal and social ties between their parents cannot for a moment be doubted. But we have all along been going on the supposition that these ties were in no danger of snapping even without this additional security; while, as regards the ties which are woven of reciprocal love, we think it open to doubt whether something quite opposite to the desired result is not liable to take place with the birth of children. Hartley Coleridge said,

So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

But the second line would hardly be true unless the first were true previously. To see around you tiny reproductions of a form, and miniature indications of a character, with which you connect the bitterest associations of your life, cannot, in a usual way, be an exhilarating sight; while the redoubled conviction that you must now bear more unflinchingly than ever your life's load until you lay it down in the grave, will be in most cases intensely depressing.

And yet no one can tell. "Old habit of the mind" may in time bring about strange and unexpected results. Unsuitedly mated as two persons may originally have been, the benignant anodyne of daily contact and familiarity may ultimately induce an absence of pain, if not the presence of joy. Especially may such a result be hoped for in those cases in which there is much love on one side and little on the other. The reward of the patiently abiding meek is very often great indeed. The clownish husband who for years has loved and disgusted his subtle and imaginative wife in about equal degrees may come in time, through an almost childlike simplicity of affection, to touch her heart with a tenderness unknown through long years. The faithful, fond, yet hopelessly stupid wife who in early days has almost driven her enthusiastic young lord to fondle projects of suicide to escape from her may, before she has done, unlock such a fund of heroic patience and long-suffering as to overwhelm him with self-reproach and shame. The old ways may grow in time to be the only pleasant ways; and a voice which once was associated with all that is harsh and discordant may, before the final close, become melodious as the music of the spheres.

FOGS.

IN one of the children's books of last season the hero was represented as travelling across an unknown island, in dread of infuriated savages, by the light of the full moon overhead. He journeyed along all night and all day; but when it came to the next night, the writer remarks with some humour that the sky was clear enough, but "it happened" that there was no moon. That celestial events in general "happen," is probably the belief of a large number of educated persons. They clearly understand that the laws of nature are uniform, and that there are good reasons for all the things that they see; they have learnt in the nursery that the earth goes round the sun, and that the moon goes round something—they are not sure what; and they are not inclined to dispute that the planets wander among the fixed stars, though to all intents and purposes the idea of fixity is what they will predicate of nothing in heaven or earth. Of the general nature of the cosmical arrangements they would not like to be thought wholly ignorant, but what they see they see in a fog. They stand in much the same relation to the simple move-

ments of the solar system that a rising classical student does to the inflexions of *ἵμνῳ*, or certain writers in the *Times* to the events of the middle ages. They are no doubt grateful to the clever people who have found out all about it, but, as far as they are personally concerned, the Copernican system has left them at a stage very considerably behind the disciples of Ptolemy and Plutarch. Even with people who are better informed about the facts there is too often an impression that Newton discovered astronomy. Perhaps they would be rather surprised if they knew that Hipparchus was acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes; that Ptolemy discovered the principle of the evection of the moon; and that the priests of Babylon were better able to predict eclipses than nineteen out of twenty clergymen of the Anglican Church. Now, to get a rough idea of the motions of the heavens is a task which would occupy a person of average ability perhaps half a dozen hours on as many days, with a little reflection in the intervals. Any one can do it who will read *Airy's Lectures*, or some other popular handbook, not to mention the delightful work of M. Guillemin. At all events a very few hours' work will teach a vast quantity more than most people now know. If it does not make the horizon clear, it will at all events remove the fog.

For the most important observations of all no scientific apparatus is necessary. A telescope is no help to perceiving, for example, that the new moon is always less bright in the morning than in the evening; that the same stars are constantly in the south at the same time every night; that the horns of the moon always point to the apparent right; or that the sun is nearly twice as broad when setting as he is when in the zenith. Such things as these can be tested by any one who chooses to keep his eyes open, and to record his observations in his pocket-book. Indeed, they will supply a fair test, to any reader, of his own knowledge even at the moment that he reaches this stage of our remarks; for our chief reason for enumerating these most familiar phenomena is that the statements we have made in reference to them are wildly and monstrously absurd, and there is a quiet pleasure in expressing our conviction that three out of four persons who will have read them will have done so with implicit and unquestioning belief. Such is fog. By way of comfort we will remind them, in the first place, that human nature is prone to error, and in the second, that there are probably not many authors to be found in whom some astronomical foginess does not occur. By way of illustrating this statement, it is hard to know how far it is right to go back. Lord Macaulay observes very justly that Dryden was not much of an astronomer. In the *Annus Mirabilis* he seems to imply that the effect of the discoveries of his day would be to enable people to get to the edge of the world, and so obtain a closer view of the moon. In *Eleonora* the virtues of a certain lady are said to be—

One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars that rolleth on.

It must have been a very simple-minded philosopher who could conceive of the Great Bear as being a connected system, and comprehending a kind of moral great bear within its limits. But as to Lord Macaulay himself, what are we to say? The following passage occurs in his description of the Spanish territories in America:—"They spread from the Equator northward and southward, through all the signs of the zodiac, far into the temperate zone." Can this mean anything if it does not mean that the signs of the zodiac run north and south? America is, unfortunately for any other explanation, limited by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the directions of east and west; and the temperate zone is a limit of latitude, and not of longitude, in America as much as in Europe. Perhaps it is only fair to say that the passage occurs in the fifth volume, to which the author did not live to give the finishing touch.

Admirers of Sir Walter Scott will be interested to hear that the most vivid picture in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is produced by the introduction of an astronomical fact which cannot possibly happen. Sir William of Deloraine is told to ride to Melrose Abbey on the eve of St. Michael's Day, and station himself by a certain tomb which will be pointed out to him:—

For this will be St. Michael's night,
And though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
And the cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

He goes accordingly, and stands by the tomb as the clock strikes one. The red image from the window is thrown on the stone, as expected, and certain remarkable results happen in consequence. For the purposes of the story, then, the full moon throws a shadow in the same place on the same day of every year. Perhaps it is enough to remark that, in ordinary life, if it is full moon on any one night in the year, it will certainly not be full moon on that particular night the next year, or indeed for several years after; and it is hardly necessary to point out, further, that it was rather inconsistent with the general habits of full moons that this particular one should go down unexpectedly in such a way that.

The night returned in double gloom,

and Sir William had ridden some way from the abbey before the dawn appeared.

Let us turn to novels. Victor Hugo is a delightful author to read, but it adds very much to the delight of the more scientific portions of his books if the reader can make up his mind not to think about their meaning. We may quote the English version:—

The wind, in fact, becomes saturated with electricity at the intersection of the colours which marks the extremity of the axis, and with water at the Equator.

We can detect just enough of the meaning to perceive that the writer intends something that is quite untrue, and though the confusing of the celestial and terrestrial poles is a venial fault, there is a certain haziness in marking out either of them by the imaginary lines which are only defined by the fact that it is from these very poles that they start. But observe what takes place at some particular times:—

The grand descent of winds upon the world takes place at the equinoxes. At this period the balance of tropic and pole librates, and the vast atmospheric tides pour their flood upon one hemisphere, and their ebb upon another. The signs of Libra and Aquarius have reference to these phenomena.

This is truly Egyptian darkness. If indeed the balance of tropic and pole were to librate, one does not know what would happen; because no one can conceive what such an occurrence can possibly be. But, whatever were to take place at the equinoxes, there is just this difficulty in thinking that the sign of Aquarius can refer to it, that that particular constellation happens to be one through which the sun passes at a period nearly three months distant from either. The fact is that stars are difficult things. We have never been able to find out who supplies Mr. Bright with poetry, but the verses which he quoted about the Pleiades in one of his earlier autumn speeches are curious enough:—

Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine,
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Well, but the Pleiades never do shine actually over our heads, and they are not known to be more frozen than any other group of stars. And even if they were, and did, it would not make much difference to liberty either way. Perhaps it means that we lie in the north, and have natural disadvantages which are made up for by plenty of freedom. But then the Pleiades are not particularly northern themselves, and certainly are not nearly of so high a latitude as London. Or can it be that they "rise" during the skating season, which they do not—or that they are in conjunction with the sun in winter, which again they are not? We give it up. Turn to theology and Dr. Cumming. What shall we select from the exuberance of the astronomical fancy displayed to us? This one gem:—

At present the sun, even in his meridian, is in some degree horizontal.

At present! his meridian! *horizontal*! Considering either the terms employed or the notion which seems to lie at the bottom, it may be questioned whether, of all the fogs which ever oppressed the brain of mortal man, any more dense or bewildering can have existed than that which must now be resting upon the imagination of the eloquent divine whom we have quoted.

The best fun in astronomy lies in the big numbers. For purposes of ordinary conversation, indeed, they are mostly so big that one big one will do quite as well as another. It does not make much difference whether it is in an hour or in a day that the sun gives out enough heat to raise five hundred thousand cubic miles of ice to boiling point. The diameter of the nebula in Andromeda may be estimated at seven thousand millions of miles, but it may be equally well estimated, for practical purposes, at seventy. To say that a single vibration of violet light upon the retina takes place in rather less than the billionth of a second is rather amusing, and is more likely to be true than not; but one need not, in such a case, be particular to a million or two. One of the best things of the kind is to be found in a pamphlet just published by the President of the Astronomical Society, the Rev. C. Pritchard. The basis of the pamphlet is a sermon preached before the British Association at Nottingham, which, though it bears the word "continuity" upon its title, is somewhat beyond our discussion in secular columns; but in one of the appendices there is a little jewel of number. The argument runs somewhat in the following fashion:—The Darwinian theory has been challenged to account for the formation of the eye on any principle which postulates anything short of eternity for its development. Both optically and mechanically, the eye is an instrument the arrangements of which are so extraordinarily delicate, and the accurate adjustment of which is so consummate, that it would seem that either the chances must have "come off" in a very remarkable way thousands and thousands of times during the history of the organ in dispute, or allowance must be made for some kind of providential bias, which is contrary to the hypothesis. Give me, says Mr. Darwin, an optical germ and a transparent membrane, and give me long enough time, and my Natural Selection will produce an eye. Yes, but how long after all? At this point Mr. Pritchard comes in, and the manner in which, rightly or wrongly, he uses Mr. Darwin's own weapons against him is at all events amusing. For some time past it has been suspected that the rotatory movement of the earth is becoming slower and slower. It was, we believe, Professor Tyndall who originated the idea, though the grounds on which he founded his conjecture are generally thought unsound. From other considerations, however, chiefly those relating to the effects caused by the friction of the waves of the sea, the best astronomers have made it very probable that the length of the day is increasing. It does not much matter to us for the present, as many generations will pass before the matter can be tested by experiment. But if it be true that such is the case, what asks the President of the Astronomical Society, would have been the

length of a day upon the globe some time back, provided that there was then an ocean and a continent? "One million of million of years ago," supposing these conditions to have existed, "the length of the day would probably have been less than the flash of the hundredth of a second of time." Under these circumstances, not to mention other reasons, the earth could not at that period have been fitted for the habitation of organized beings such as we ourselves are. In particular, as it may be presumed the argument would continue, the optical arrangements to which a natural selection would lead under these conditions would be quite different from those which would tend to develop the eye of modern life. We do not know what the followers of Mr. Darwin will have to reply to such reasoning as this, but at any rate the argument is a pretty one; and while the big numbers adduced and the startling statements made are amusing, irrespectively of their veracity, it is also worth while to remark that they may with reasonable certainty be considered as generally true.

IMMORAL BOOKS.

SOME recent discussions seem to indicate that the public mind is in a state of utter confusion as to the canons by which the morality of a literary work is to be decided. No satisfactory dogmas can be laid down. Those who are most inclined to a mistaken prudery feel the absurdity of drawing a line which would exclude *Othello* or *Cymbeline*. Their adversaries cannot quite venture to argue that, as the accusation of immorality has constantly been brought against the noblest writings, therefore every one accused of immorality is a noble writer, or that he has done anything intrinsically virtuous in breaking down the barriers imposed by bigotry upon youthful genius. The real inference probably is, that the immorality of a book is scarcely a matter for formal argument; it must be decided by the instinctive judgment of healthy minds. To count up the breaches of conventional morality is a futile proceeding; for, as in the case of shooting negroes, everything depends upon the spirit in which the laws are disregarded. No sort of test has hitherto been devised for detecting the presence or absence of so refined an essence as a virtuous spirit, except the immediate effect which contact with a work produces upon sound mental senses. There are certain books which, as Mr. Carlyle says of a performance of Diderot's, should cause their reader to plunge into running waters and regard himself for the rest of the day as more than ceremonially unclean. But to argue about them is like arguing about a bad smell. If an alderman swears that the Thames smells sweet to him, no power on earth can prove to him that it stinks.

Hence, a great deal of controversy upon such matters would really amount to a comparison of the moral idiosyncrasies of the contending critics. In the absence of any means of deciding this delicate point, we cannot say whether the senses of one are morbidly sensitive, or those of the other morbidly dull, to immoral images. The legitimate form into which criticism runs is, "You must be immoral because I say so"; and the only reply is what vulgar boys express by "You're another." From this it follows that most of the ordinary arguments are beside the point. For example, the question whether a poem is or is not dramatic seems to be generally quite immaterial. It would, indeed, have some importance if we were discussing the character of the poet, as distinguished from that of his work. It would be important to prove, if any one could have any doubts upon the subject, that Shakespeare was not responsible for Iago's sentiments, and that Milton was not, beyond a certain point, to be identified with the devil. In criticizing Byron or Shelley it would be more difficult and more interesting to inquire how far their poems expressed their own convictions; but it would be interesting only as affecting our judgment of Byron or Shelley, not as deciding the morality of *Don Juan* or *Queen Mab*. If a poet claims that he does not mean what he says, the claim may always be conceded; but it really makes no more difference than the assertion of Hume that he is not really arguing against Christianity when he tries to prove the incredibility of miracles. The arguments will produce the same effect, whatever may have been the intention of the reasoner; and the impure images suggested by the poem will be just as foul, though he may have only been talking in the character of some one else. If, again, he puts forward false views of philosophy or morality we do not condemn him, except in so far as he makes those views attractive. An historian who proves that tyranny is desirable, or a philosopher who argues in favour of atheism, is generally considered to be immoral; but a poet is going out of his natural part if he attempts to prove anything. His primary object is merely to draw a picture; and the truth of a picture, in spite of common critical language, is in strictness an inaccurate expression. We may ask whether it is like or unlike to the object represented; but to introduce the moral qualities of truth or falsehood is generally an unfair device for introducing irrelevant prejudices. There is no crime in making a picture or a poem or a novel which is like nothing in heaven or earth or the waters under the earth, though, as a rule, it is a rather idle amusement. The ultimate object of any work of art is, not to make known truth, but to give pleasure; and the test of its morality is, not the quantity of truth which it conveys, but the elevating or debasing tendencies of the pleasure. Wordsworth is a highly moral poet, because the emotions which he stimulates are always pure and intellectual; the truth of his statements is only to the purpose in so far as it increases and purifies the

pleasure; otherwise they would be of no more poetical value than the assertion that two and two make four, or that it is a sin to steal a pin. If, on the other hand, there are poets whose stock of images are all drawn from earthly and sensual sources, and who constantly appeal to the lower appetites in preference to the intellectual part of our nature, a study of them will probably be demoralizing whether they make, or do not make, the childish excuse of having been only "pretending." Unless, that is, the sensual desires are touched in such a way as to make them repulsive, the ornaments in which the poet's imagination has dressed them up will make them more attractive to those whom he is able to affect; and this has simply no reference to the question whether or not the expression is "dramatic." It may be that immoral poetry is generally the production of a purblind mind, but the mental condition of the poet, and the effect he produces on his readers, are distinct questions.

This, it is true, raises considerations which make it impossible to lay down dogmatically that a book is or is not immoral, for the effect of a book upon different persons will of course be infinitely various. There doubtless are persons who are injuriously affected by pictures or poems in which purer minds can see no harm; and we must admit that, if the world at large were constituted in the same way, conventional laws of decency would have to be more stringent. And this suggests that, even as it is, there is some use in these much derided laws. We may easily admit that the English code is at present too strict; and that it is really prejudicial to morality when the fitness of a book to be read to boys and girls is made the only test of its morality. But for all that, the conventional rules as to literary propriety discharge a very useful function, as do similar more or less arbitrary rules in regard to dress and conversation. To the pure all things are pure; there are few or no topics which may not be handled so as to produce a good moral effect. But then, unfortunately, a large part of mankind is anything but pure; they have a morbid capacity for assimilating filth of all kinds, and rejecting the healthy part of their mental food. It is therefore necessary to have certain sanitary regulations in society calculated on the assumption that there are many persons highly susceptible of moral contagion. The sphere allowed to art is somewhat limited; but this is a sacrifice which is necessary in the present imperfect condition of the world. We give up a few beautiful pictures and forms, that we may give no occasion for a great many more which would have a bad moral effect. If the public taste were sufficiently enlightened to discriminate in all cases the healthy from the unhealthy handling of dangerous topics, no such rules would be necessary. The danger of raising the standard too high is of course obvious, and so is the impossibility of fixing definitely what it ought to be; for in all cases it must depend upon the propensity of people to abuse the liberty permitted to them. Our English rule, for example, in regard to novels is probably overstrained; we might safely allow a somewhat greater latitude; but, on the other hand, it seems hard to deny that the French have not erred on the other side. They have some excellent works of art which would have been at once sentenced to destruction in England; but, on the other hand, they have a whole mass of literature which represents the entire adult population to be thinking about nothing but how to commit, or not to commit, or to hinder or encourage other people in committing, adultery. The natural result of permitting such topics is to produce a lively competition in inventing a series of ingeniously varied plots, all turning upon the violation of the marriage law, which can in the long run be healthy neither for readers nor writers, especially as in such a competition it is not the purest method of treatment which generally wins the prize. If art suffers from our stricter system, there are higher considerations even than the welfare of art; but it may be doubted whether the restriction of the field is necessarily so great an evil as it seems, for there is room enough for descriptions of life and character without running foul of the Seventh Commandment; and it is not always the worse for a writer to be compulsorily debarred from the easiest way of snatching an illegitimate success.

Books which, on the whole, show a polluted mind, or which pander to corrupt tastes in their readers, will generally soon be recognised. It is, or should be, unpleasant to accuse a good writer of being foul-minded, and the more so as the accusation is an easy one to make, whether false or true. Therefore, there is always a strong tendency on the part of generous critics to avoid making it. Like similar accusations in actual life, it should not be made unless fully substantiated; and, as we must add, it is not often sustained for any time, unless there is some truth in it. Indeed, the fact that a great many average people denounce a book as immoral raises a presumption that it does harm to the morals of average persons—which is, as we have argued, the real meaning of the accusation. It is very different with those books which are accused, not of obscenity, but of political or theological iniquity. If they have any success, it is as the expression of a strong revolutionary sentiment; and the question of their morality depends upon the justification of that sentiment. As a large part of mankind—and especially of educated mankind—will always regard revolutionary sentiments with horror, there is little doubt that the critical laws will generally err on the side of strictness. Many persons of tolerable intelligence still look upon the French revolution as an outbreak of diabolical malignity. They fail to recognise the immense benefits which, in the opinion of all enlightened men, have been its net result; and therefore they continue to look with simple horror upon the echo which

the revolutionary ideas called forth in poetry. The whole thing is a mystery of iniquity, at which they may hold up their hands in pious indignation. In this case, therefore, we are seldom wrong in demanding more liberty than the great majority are disposed to grant. Nothing is more essential than that every theological or political creed should be tried in the fire of the freest criticism; and there is nothing from which the faithful are more disposed to shrink. The only limit is that such attacks should be as free as possible from the desire to give pain, or wantonly to shock honest believers. Voltaire's influence would have been almost entirely good if he had not been possessed by this substantially irreverent spirit, for his attacks upon orthodoxy by themselves could only end in fuller investigation of the truth. He used poisoned weapons, and so far his warfare was unfair. Till people understand, liberty better than they do, we should be slow to draw the present restrictions tighter.

APOCALYPTIC HEDGING.

IF England does not rouse herself from the fatal slumber by which she is said to be overwhelmed, at least it will not be for lack of prophets to point out her degradation and her peril. We have prophets of every kind and calibre, scholarly, poetic, theologic; prophets who sneer, prophets who weep, and prophets who thunder. One warns us that no nation can despise *Geist* and live. Mr. Ruskin exhausts the resources of bitter cursings on a city which is the prey of railway extensions, and which sacrifices human lives by the thousand in order to get its needles twopence a packet cheaper. Mr. Carlyle pungently lets us know what will become of a people that trusts itself blindly and conceitedly to sham kings and phantasm captains, and wiggeries and doggeries. And, finally, there is a vast multitude of people who find their oracle in the profoundly erudite and thoughtful divine who holds forth in Crown Court. Dr. Cumming has probably a more numerous and more credulous flock than any of his rivals in the great trade of warning and threatening and abusing. This is quite natural. He takes Scripture for his text, and this is obviously a more universally intelligible starting-point than *Geist*, of which it may be questioned whether one Englishman in ten thousand has any idea what it means; or than Eternities, Immensities, and Veracities, which not one Englishman in twenty thousand has any accurate notion about; or than those mysterious principles, whatever they may be, from which Mr. Ruskin derives the remarkable conviction that slaveholding is a less vile crime than metropolitan railway extension. Everybody knows the Bible, or thinks he does; and, in the same way, everybody thinks he understands its bearings on modern conduct and society and the rest of it. Philosophers think that the only way of forecasting the future is to follow out the lines of the tendencies that have flowed from the past. Dr. Cumming huddles together a few texts, arbitrarily selected, and then he arbitrarily interprets them. Still this unphilosophic process pleases a great many people, and it satisfies them. They get definite results from such a method. The patient investigation of mere tendencies is slow, and, to those who do not apprehend the significance of a tendency or a social law, it is vague. The vulgar mind yearns for very big and very astounding facts, which are capable of brief and precise statement. To be told that the tendency of modern society is towards democracy, or towards socialism, or towards anything else of this abstract kind, is as good as being told nothing at all. Prophets of so vague and slow-moving a turn can never expect to become popular. On the other hand, there is no confusion or possibility of mistake about the proposition that the world will come to an end in 1866. There is probably a good deal of vagueness in the actual ideas that Dr. Cumming's own flock have in connection with the phrase "coming to an end," but the words are plain enough, and uneducated people are always willing to mistake plain words for plain ideas. Until they are required to set forth in other words what they mean, Dr. Cumming's disciples may remain under the pleasant delusion that they have a distinct conception of the world's coming to an end.

The present year is drawing so rapidly to its close that the prophet who had given 1866 as the great millennial tip may be pardoned for his manifest anxiety to hedge. Possibly Dr. Cumming expected wonderful things from the Meteorites. Signs and wonders in the heavens have got soothsayers and haruspices out of many a scrape with their admirers before now. But they did nothing for our arch soothsayer on the present occasion. It must have been in a mood of despair at this failure that he plunged into the remarkable discourse which is said last Sunday to have filled his hearers with that delicious apprehension and alarm to which they are so partial. Dr. Cumming took for his text the words of the shipmaster to the prophet Jonah:—"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God." It would be presumptuous to inquire the exact application of the passage. Are the people of England compared to Jonah, and Dr. Cumming to the shipmaster? This seems the natural interpretation, only we should have thought Dr. Cumming himself was the Jonah, and Great Britain the Nineveh against which it was his business to cry out. However, the discourses of popular preachers are not constructed, as a rule, on strict logical principles. A very loose and rough kind of fit is quite good enough for the parables and illustrations of the popular pulpit. The same loose fit is also good enough for the assertions which pass muster in the same exalted region. "So long as twenty years ago," says Dr. Cumming, "I fixed on 1866 as the date of the consummation of time." Considering that there is no visible likelihood

of time being consummated, whatever that may mean, between now and Christmas, one thinks at first that the less the apocalyptic Doctor says about his fixtures of twenty years back the better. He, however, is not a bit daunted. "Where are the scoffers now?" he demands with a triumphant air. We should have thought he might guess that the scoffers are still to the fore. These sceptical persons scoff more maliciously than ever, now that the epoch which has been twenty years in coming bids fair to pass away without very much damage being done to Time or the World, or whatever else it is that Dr. Cumming says is going to be consummated and pass away. But he is more than a match for the scoffers. If the pea is not under one thimble, then it is under another, the adroit expounder of sacred prophecy maintains. If not this year, then "next year, or probably 1868, is the consummation of all things." A German rationalist might say that in such momentous matters as the consummation of all things accuracy is extremely desirable. Still one must not be too hard on our Jonah, and pin him down as one would pin a common person down. The prophet has for twenty years, he says, stuck to a certain date. The date arrives, proves harmless and unconsummating, and passes meekly away into the limbo of all dates. The Doctor would not deserve a place among prophets if he did not immediately fix on some other year instead. If 1866 will not do, then try 1867, "or probably" 1868. If there has been no finishing up of time, no consummation of all things, in 1866, there ought to have been. The absence of the promised catastrophe is not Dr. Cumming's fault, at any rate. If the facts do not happen to correspond with his calculations, so much the worse for the facts. Whatever may become of them, the reasoning and the reckoning, at all events, are unimpeachable. And, again, though there has been no consummation, a state of things prevails which looks very like a general break-up of creation. "The minds of men are much troubled, and the councils of nations perplexed by dread of some great calamity to come upon the earth." "The Papacy is in its last throes, and all the Pope's lambs are ready to turn upon and tear their shepherd in sunder." This is a wretched misrepresentation of the truth, of course, but that makes no difference. Everybody knows, except the most ignorant and most easily bamboozled of English Protestants, that though the temporal power may be in its last throes, the Papacy is far from being so near its end. Some of the most enlightened Roman Catholics maintain that the loss of the temporal power will be like cutting off a decayed and useless branch. The trunk will flourish all the more vigorously. And, in any case, how can Dr. Cumming persuade himself that the creed of the most numerous body of Christians, the belief which has interpenetrated the very roots of the existence of the majority of Europeans, will suddenly be extinguished and pass away into chaos? Is the old Catholic belief to die out instantaneously, because the King of Sardinia is made King of Italy? If Dr. Cumming only knew as much about the history of the past as he professes to know about the history of the future, he would be aware that spiritual beliefs are not revolutionized by every great shifting of political boundaries. It is to be feared, however, that careful study of history and arbitrary vaticination about the extinction of history are not compatible. The former requires a great many qualities which would be absolutely fatal to the latter. One would think meanly of an historian who said, for example, that the Norman Conquest took place either in 1066 or 1068; but we may not think any the worse of a prophet who vows that the world will come to an end in 1866, and then, when it does not, vows that, at any rate, it is sure to come to an end in 1868. Thus, in the comparison of the historian with the prophet, we see that the latter has all the advantages that flexibility and the right to say, first one thing, and then another, just as it suits you, can afford.

One or two passages in the report of Dr. Cumming's discourse are so inscrutable as to demand an interpreter at least as skillful as himself. But who shall play the part of interpreter for the interpreters themselves? When the Doctor Apocalypticus informs us that the Pope's lambs are ready to turn upon and tear their shepherd in sunder, we know to a certain extent what he thinks he means. But these lucid moments are not frequent. In one place he says that "the ten thousand nuns and ten thousand priests dispossessed by Victor Emmanuel are coming over to help Dr. Manning and the Puseyites to fight their last great battle." What, in the name of fortune, can be the meaning of this? Is it fun and humour? Is it sarcasm?—or is it meant for plain, unadorned truth? "Wut," one would suppose, is excluded from the grave and sober precincts of Crown Court, and yet it is easier to believe that such a statement as this about the nuns and priests would be endured as a bit of pulpit dead wut than as anything more serious. In what sense can the dispossessed Italian nuns and ecclesiastics be said to be about to come over to help Dr. Manning to fight his last great battle? Dr. Cumming is perfectly right in saying that if to-morrow at twelve o'clock some Jonah were to go to the Royal Exchange, the centre of the commerce of this great nation, and proclaim his belief in these things, he would be laughed at. How should he not be? This will be a very bad day for the world when people who talk unintelligible trash are not laughed at, on the Royal Exchange or elsewhere. Even supposing the City men were to treat Jonah more respectfully than Jonah anticipates, what would be the end and object of it all? The consummation of all things is an admirable phrase enough, only we cannot see what idea it would convey to the mind of the average stockbroker, of such a kind as would materially affect the course

of his conduct. Whether we go on as we are for ten years or for twenty, we shall pursue just the same line of general behaviour. Each of us is aware that it is quite possible that this day twelvemonth he may be in his grave. This is the consummation of things for the individual at all events, yet, except perhaps in the matter of life insurance, we all arrange our affairs and follow our business as though there were no such idea of death in our heads. As for the Millennium, we have been taken in too often by apocalyptic prophets. Dr. Cumming's reputation for twenty years has depended on the coming of a great cataclysm in 1866. The great year has nearly gone, so now he says that when he said '66 he meant '68; and there is no reason whatever why, when '68 comes and goes, he should not say that he meant '78. "Why, Sir," as Mr. Osbaldiston said to his poetic son, "you do not understand the beggarly trade you have chosen." A shrewd prophet never thinks of prophesying anything too soon or too precisely. He always leaves an elastic margin of time, or else he takes care to clothe his oracle in conveniently ambiguous phrase. There is an Oxford story, that some candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, when he had to compose his Latin disputation, went the night before to the College Library and fished out an old treatise on the Millennium. This he very accurately and diligently copied out. The writer proved that the great event must occur almost immediately. The next morning the candidate, running his eye over the book, suddenly perceived that it had been printed about 1660. Nothing daunted, he appended a concluding sentence, "Si his calculationibus ducentos annos addamus"—then it will appear indisputably that the Millennium is close at hand. Dr. Cumming is evidently going to imitate the style of this admirable disputant, only he begins modestly by adding two, instead of two hundred, to his original calculations.

HEAVY DINNERS.

BEFORE venturing to touch upon an institution so eminently British as the heavy dinner, we wish to guard ourselves from even the suspicion of approaching it in any tone of indecent levity or disrespect. We have no sympathy whatever with the profane wags or hard-up novelists who treat the heavy dinner as if it were merely a matter for reckless fun. Such men, when they cannot plead the excuse of extreme youth, must either be Bohemians, hopelessly lost to all sense of social propriety, who look upon white ties with contemptuous abhorrence, and wish that the nation had only one tail-coat that they might immediately pawn it, or else must be buffoons of that miserable class in whose eyes no subject is too sacred for a joke, and who would ask you a conundrum over your grandmother's grave. No one of well-regulated mind, who reflects with how much of all that is most solemn and respectable in our national life the heavy dinner is bound up, can imagine that it is to be laughed away or disposed of in a few smart sentences merely because, like all time-honoured institutions, it has gradually contracted in the course of years certain elements of the absurd. The very cause that makes these absurdities prominent, and an easy butt for the profane, makes them at the same time harmless. They lie only on the surface. Far below them, and striking deep root into such strong and primary instincts of human nature as the appetite of hunger and the love of hospitality, lie the real supports of the institution which we have undertaken to treat. People would not year after year continue to get into tail-coats and white ties, and drive six miles through snow or rain, in order to make conversation, and be offered their choice between boiled turkey and roast saddle of mutton, if the proceeding were really as irrational as the Bohemian would have us believe. His own objections tell against him. The absurdities at which he laughs, like the anomalies of our glorious Constitution, themselves alone show how substantial must be the substratum which has so long given them support. All history is against him. Like Mr. Lowe's demagogue, he is the froth of the social wave, bespattering the mahogany which he cannot shake.

But still there is a mean between irreverence and blind, unquestioning faith; and though the heavy dinner may be safe from the first, it certainly seems to us to suffer severely from the last. Perhaps the strongest argument in favour of scepticism—using the word in its philosophical sense—is that all faith has a tendency to be corrupted into fetish-worship by success. So long as a creed is fortunate enough to possess powerful assailants, those who defend it are naturally forced to make themselves masters of the grounds upon which it admits of defence. They must know its weak as well as its strong points; they must distinguish between what is really essential to its prosperity and what may be sacrificed without loss. But when the battle is won, and all occasion for defence has passed away, the creed, ceasing to be defended, gradually ceases to be understood. It was a living principle to those who fought for it; it is too often but a dead formula to those who inherit it. They take it on trust merely because it exists when they happen to come into the world, and they would as soon think of asking what claims it has to exist, as of asking what claims they themselves have to exist. There are people who pass from the cradle to the grave apparently with no other wish than to do what they believe their neighbours expect them to do, and what their fathers have done before them. As a natural consequence of this superstitious reverence for conformity and prescription, they take every existing system in its entirety, without an attempt to distinguish between its strong and its weak points. Both alike are invested in their

eyes with a mysterious sanctity which it is rank heresy to call in question, and upon both alike the same stress is laid. It is from the fetishism of these well-meaning but blind worshippers of custom and tradition that the solemn rite of dinner-giving really suffers, and becomes too often a mark for indecent jests. They give dinners just as they marry, or wear chimney-pot hats, or get a French governess for their daughters, merely because it is a recognised custom, and without a thought of all the solemn obligations that dinner-giving implies; without the slightest consciousness of all the opportunities for good that, in their blindness, they throw away. "An excellent and well arranged dinner," says an eminent divine, who for this saying alone deserved to be made a bishop, "is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life. The hour of dinner includes everything of sensual and intellectual gratification which a great nation glories in producing." And in this discriminating and enlightened spirit he goes on to dwell upon "the learned management of light and heat, the silent and rapid services of the attendants, the smiling and sedulous host proffering gusts and relishes, the pleasant remarks, the handsome dresses, the cunning artifices in fruit and farina." This is something like the spirit in which dinner-giving should be approached; but how many in these days so approach it? Just now that the annual Christmas campaign of roast mutton and boiled turkey is coming on, it is awful to reflect upon the thousands of heavy dinners which Christian people are about mutually to receive and inflict, not from malevolence or even levity, but simply because they are blind conventional devotees of a custom, the principles of which they will not be at the pains to understand.

All waste of force is painful to the philosophic mind; and if "a well-arranged dinner" is the "most pleasing occurrence of civilized life," what a waste of force must there be in a dinner badly arranged!—what noble opportunities do not nineteen out of twenty British hosts and hostesses miserably throw away! The great majority treat a dinner as if it were a mere matter of arithmetic, as if the mahogany were not more sacred than the multiplication-table. They calculate coldly and mechanically how many people have asked them, or are likely to ask them, to dinner, and how many they must therefore ask in return. They divide the total thus obtained by the number of guests that it is physically possible to squeeze into their dining-room, and the quotient represents the exact number of triumphs and pleasing occurrences that they feel bound, as hosts and patriots, to contribute to a great nation's civilized life. They treat the dinner-table, in fact, just as Bishop Colenso treats the Pentateuch. All the higher considerations upon which the sublimity and success of dinner-giving depend are merged and forgotten in the one mechanical consideration of number. What considerations, for instance, can be more important than the judicious assortment of guests, and the opportunities for a pleasant interchange of conversation that such assortment implies? Yet there exist hostesses who keep a list, alphabetically arranged, of their friends, and, for the sake of convenience, take their names in rotation, with no other precaution than the primitive one of seeing that all the people thus huddled together, like sheep in a pen, are on speaking terms. We ourselves know a bachelor host who will not take even such scanty trouble as this in the selection of guests, all-important as the point is. He has a pleasant circle of friends, a long purse, rare conversational powers, a heart overflowing with benevolence, and a waistcoat that speaks unmistakably of good cheer. He gives his guests plenty to eat and drink, and everything that he gives is of the best. Here are all the ingredients of hospitality in their highest perfection, and yet, for want of one simple precaution, all these ingredients are thrown away, just as the French cook spoiled an English plum-pudding, made according to the best receipt, for want of a pudding-cloth. His dinners—dinners which might be so admirable—are too often lamentable failures, merely because, in order to save trouble, he will not send formal notes of invitation, but asks whatever friends he happens to stumble upon at the clubs. The result is naturally an incongruous jumble of ensigns, parsons, free-thinkers, Tories and Radicals. A free interchange of congenial conversation is soon found to be impossible, and sorrowing friends leave the well-spread table to think, as they wend their way home, weary and bored, what the dinner might have been, and what it was. It is clear that such a man, with all his hospitality, miserably fails to appreciate the spirit in which a dinner should be given, and in which it is described by the sage ecclesiast whom we have quoted. He fails as egregiously as the hostess who asks her guests in numerical rotation—if, that is, she can be said to fail. She attains the main object which she proposed to herself. At the end of the season she has fed so many people, in so many weeks, at so much a head. The dinners may have been heavy, but this does not affect the essential point that the requisite number of friends have been duly dined. And, unhappily, this numerical Colensoite way of looking at the guests is usually extended to the dishes. The main point to consider is, not novelty or variety, but sufficiency of food. It is so much easier to calculate how many mouths can be fed with an old dish than with a new one; and besides, since the dinner is given out of deference to custom, nothing is gained, and much may be lost, by a departure from the customary fare. Hence "the damnable iteration" of mutton roast and turkey boiled, which makes one shudder now that the winter campaign is coming on; and profoundly sympathize with and respect the

courageous old gentleman, deservedly immortalized by Leech, who, on finding himself for the fourteenth time in succession behind precisely the same dishes, then and there told his astonished hostess that he could not and would not stand it.

We have been throughout assuming that these failures in dinner-giving are due to want, not of liberality, but of an enlightened appreciation of the true importance of a successful dinner, and a consequent neglect of the principles upon which success depends. There are no doubt many failures due solely to stinginess; but these, if nineteenth-century civilization were half what it pretends to be, would come under the notice, not of the journalist, but of the magistrate. A man who, in the sacred name of hospitality, deliberately singles out friends who have done him no injury, who do not stand in the way of his preferment, who are not going to make him their heir, and in cold blood asks them to a dinner at which the food is scanty or bad, and the wine would poison them if they could get enough of it, is simply a criminal. He must be classed with railway directors who blow bubble companies, tradesmen who rob the poor with false weights and measures, or any other notorious libel upon the boasted progress of this age. The only hope for pardon which such men can have is that they do not comprehend the enormity of the crime which they commit—the risks to which they subject their confiding friends. Their ignorance is perhaps that crass ignorance which is justly no excuse in the eyes of the law; but still it is ignorance, since the offenders are not professional poisoners, but often kindly, smiling, well-bred persons, who go to church regularly and give alms to the poor. We have ourselves conversed with the survivors of a wedding-breakfast at which the champagne—so whispered at least the doctors—literally poisoned one guest, and all but poisoned another. Yet the homicidal hostess was as little like Locusta or Lucretia Borgia as any of her neighbours. She probably did not carry the principle of cheapness a bit further than many other respectable dinner-givers do, but in her victim's case it happened unluckily to come into collision with an exceptionally weak constitution. That endless people are slightly poisoned in the name of hospitality is of course beyond doubt.

But there is an obvious distinction between bad dinners and heavy dinners; and happily for the credit of humanity, and the health, though not much for the comfort, of the Briton, the latter are much more common. By the heavy dinner *par excellence*, we mean the dinner at which the fare is both plentiful and good, but which fails through the inferiority of the cooking, or the monotony of the dishes, or the injudicious assortment of guests, or some other blunder which a little care would guard against, and which is not guarded against simply because the fetish-worshipper of Custom does not think it sufficiently important to be worth his notice. How many hosts, for instance, reflect upon the immense advantage which, in point of joviality and friendliness, a little dinner, where the guests can all join in general conversation, has over a big one where general conversation, except through speaking-trumpets, would be impossible? We do not mean that big dinners should be altogether proscribed. In the present imperfect state of society, where the evil seems inseparably mixed up with the good, big dinners cannot perhaps be helped. But how many hosts properly realize the important truth that big dinners, as compared with little, whether an inevitable evil or not, are distinctly an evil; and that the dinner-giver who, having it in his power to give two of the last, deliberately elects to give one of the first, is grossly ignorant of the fundamental principles of his art? Or how many hosts, even when they wisely select the little dinner, consider how much depends upon whether the table at which it is given be oblong or round? It is not that they treat such a seemingly material and trivial influence as this with contempt. They perhaps admit with Bacon that the shape of a table may help to determine the number of counsellors who exercise chief control over the affairs of a kingdom, since at an oblong table all the business is usually directed by the few seated at its head. Or they may hold that the House of Commons is divided into two great parties, merely because it has no side to offer a third. If they do not apply this doctrine to dinners, it is not from ignorance, or from any unphilosophical contempt for what shallow men call trifles, but because they have never given the subject sufficient consideration. Hence the lamentable spectacle, which too many of us have witnessed, of a few pleasant men scattered dimly down the length of a vast table, blessed with good cookery, choice wines, keen appetites—with everything, in short, that can conduce to convivial enjoyment, except the possibility of carrying on a sustained shout of general conversation. There are hosts who so cover the table with flowers that no guest, without risk of twisting his neck, can catch his opposite neighbour's eye. There are hosts who, after taking every precaution, fail, like the French cook, at the last moment, simply because the guests are not skillfully manoeuvred each into his proper seat. The right man is in the wrong place. There are hosts—but why multiply errors upon which it is painful to dwell, and which it is the merest empiricism to treat, since they can only be cured by dealing radically with the malady of which they are but the outward symptoms, and which, alas, lies so deep in the British mind; that blind fetish-worship, in the matter of dinners as of all national institutions, which we have already pointed out and deplored.

RECENT HUNGARIAN POLITICS.

II.

IT is not worth while to analyse the composition of the House of Magnates. There seems reason to believe that from thirty to forty members desire a return to the old absolutism; but, as they would saddle the sovereign with most of the *de jure* limitations which existed before 1848, their impracticable notions are not more acceptable at Vienna than the views of the Déakists and Tigers. Some of these persons, as well as certain members of the fraction previously described, belong to what is called the old Conservative party. They have no influence whatever over their countrymen; but their connection with the Austrian Court may have helped to hamper the progress of reconciliation. For their opponents allege that the old Conservatives have encouraged the Cabinet of Vienna to believe that the Hungarian people would separate themselves from the policy of the Diet. As a general rule, the Magnates follow in the wake of the Commons, and, with the exception above made, hold to an independent Cabinet as a *sine quâ non*.

Under such auspices the Diet of Pesth began its labours in the month of December last. These at first turned on business of detail, such as the verification of members' powers, and the like. According to Hungarian Parliamentary traditions, the sovereign should have laid his measures on the table. If this was the proper plan even for minor matters, much more ought it to have been pursued when the future constitution of the Austrian Empire was at stake. But, instead of adopting the course prescribed alike by custom and convenience, the sovereign wrapped himself in a cloak of mystery and silence. Neither in person, nor by the mouth of the Austrian Cabinet, nor through the press, nor by any channels whatever, public or confidential, did His Majesty deign to make known to his Hungarian subjects the terms on which he wished the government of the Kingdom and Empire to proceed. The Speech from the Throne had conveyed the hint that he expected the Diet to consent to modifications of the laws of 1848, and to admit a joint administration of such affairs as concerned the whole Empire. But what modifications? And what were the Common Affairs? To these questions the Austrian Cabinet made no reply, and up to this day its secret has been rigorously kept. In vain members of the Diet, great and small, Mountain, Tigers, Right Centre, Conservatives, exhausted the whole armoury of persuasion, entreaty, and menace. The Swabian Sphinx veiled its head, and made no further sign. Certain officials of the local government affected to be in the Court's confidence, but their knowledge turned out to be on a par with that of the outer public.

As there was nothing else to be done, M. Déak set himself to make bricks without straw. He prepared an Address to the Crown, drafted on the pattern of that of 1861, but couched in more conciliatory language. This document recited the ancient privileges of Hungary, the solemn pacts and promises whereby the ancestors of Francis Joseph had sworn to maintain them, the country's recent wrongs and griefs, and her hope that the sovereign would at last commence a reign of liberty and peace. For form's sake, and in order to preserve principles as old as the House of Arpad, the Address recorded the complete Hungarian case. It was a petition of rights, by no means an ultimatum from which the Diet refused to recede. Had the Cabinet of Vienna not abdicated its obvious duties, the Address would have assumed another shape. Even after it had been voted by both Houses, and laid before the Crown, there was time to make a fresh start, for confidence was not yet destroyed. The prolonged silence of the Cabinet had found a favourable construction. The taciturnity of Vienna, said the politicians who filled the smoky rooms of the National Casino, is no treachery, only the normal wisdom of Swabian *laissez-faire*.

The stumbling-blocks in the way of a satisfactory solution were seen to be twofold. First, the Diet was expected to hit upon the particular plan of Hungarian and Austrian Government which would suit the Imperial fancy. In the next place, it must contrive to set such new machinery going in the teeth of the sacred doctrine of continuity of rights. It will facilitate the understanding of these questions to invert their logical order and commence with the last point. In the eye of Hungarian law, the reign of an uncrowned king is an interregnum. On his coronation, the sovereign takes oaths and delivers documents confirmatory of the liberties of the kingdom, and declaratory of his intention to rule by law. No former Austrian Sovereign ventured to govern in defiance of the constitutional practice except Joseph II. But Hungarian law never recognised that monarch's ordinances and acts; so that his brother and successor, the Emperor Leopold II., found himself compelled to reconsider all the law transactions, public or private, of his brother's unacknowledged reign, revoking some, and by special legislation confirming others. Now the Emperor Francis Joseph was, and is, in the position of his ancestor Joseph II. In his Speech from the Throne he declared his desire to re-establish the order of things prescribed by the Pragmatic Sanction, and made such emphatic mention of this famous parchment that it may be proper to explain its connection with Hungarian affairs. The Pragmatic Sanction was a domestic record whereby the Emperor Charles VI. conferred on his female heirs the succession to the Austrian throne. But this act was only valid for those provinces of the monarchy in which his own inheritance was of right. The Hungarians had bound themselves by treaty to the Emperor

Ferdinand I. to choose their kings from the members of the reigning Austrian House. Afterwards they had conceded to Leopold I. that the sovereign of Austria should, on performance of the legal conditions, be likewise King of Hungary. But as the question of a female succession had never been mooted, Charles VI. had to come to the Hungarian Diet with a special application on behalf of the female lineage. The opening paragraph of the first of three laws which record these transactions states that a *solemn embassy* has been sent to Charles VI. to declare that the Diet has taken note of His Majesty's wish to extend to Hungary the rule of succession recently established in the hereditary States. The laws go on to declare that henceforth the female heirs shall succeed in Hungary, provided always that, in their default, the ancient right of electing the sovereign shall revert to the nation. On his side the Emperor confirms all the Kingdom's rights, freedoms, privileges, immunities, customs, prerogatives, legal or constitutional, present or future, and promises to observe them. He promises the same for his successors, who, on their accession, must fulfil all the conditions imposed by extant legislation. They must, as laid down in the Laws of 1715, issue the inaugural diploma, take the oaths of fidelity to the Constitution, and discharge all the other details of the coronation ceremonial. Hungary's acceptance of the Pragmatic Sanction having been thus duly recorded, Charles VI. registered his sanction of the laws above described, and his daughter Maria Theresa succeeded him in due time on the throne of St. Stephen. The common Austrian statement that the relations of Austria and Hungary were settled by the Pragmatic Sanction conveys, therefore, a positive misapprehension. Such language suggests an authoritative imposition, by the Emperor on his Hungarian subjects, of certain rules and duties; whereas the whole transaction was a bi-lateral pact, freely signed and sealed by two independent contracting Powers, of whom one grants a favour, while the other, in return, renews for himself and his posterity a series of solemn promises and admissions. Neither is it true, as was hinted in the Speech from the Throne, that under the Pragmatic Sanction, or—to use the description more consonant with fact—under the laws confirming for Hungary some of the provisions of that instrument, Austria is guaranteed an influence and authority over the trans-Leithan provinces which she may exercise in the sense suggested by the wants of the whole Empire. The Emperor Francis Joseph might have consulted the Emperor Leopold II.'s commentary on these engagements. In 1791 that monarch set his signature to a declaratory law (No. X) which forbade the incorporation of Hungary with the rest of the Empire, saying, "Hungaria est regnum liberum, nulli alteri regno aut populo obnoxium." Hungary, adds this instrument, citing the statutes of 1715 and 1741, has its own constitution and government, its own laws and administration, and must be ruled in accordance with them, not after the fashion of the other Austrian provinces. Law XII. of the same year restates these facts, and the Emperor again records his adherence thereto, declaring that the legislative authority could never be exercised except conjointly with the Diet, and that, if Royal Patents or Decrees should be issued, they would, *ipso facto*, be null and void. The Emperors Francis and Ferdinand subsequently confirmed on several occasions the Leopoldine laws, as well as the whole catena of earlier legislation, and the latter Sovereign specially appealed to them in the Session of 1847-8.

Such, then, were the responsibilities faced by the Emperor Francis Joseph when he declared his desire to go back to the Pragmatic Sanction. Translated into the most meagre Hapsburg version, these responsibilities implied, amongst other things, the notion of a coronation. Now the coronation ceremonial includes, as has been remarked, besides a set of typical and commemorative acts, the preliminary promulgation of an Inaugural Diploma. This document promises observance of the laws and franchises of Hungary, confirming in their minutest particulars all constitutional rights, not expressly repealed, which may have been defined in the statutes from the Golden Bull downwards. The King recapitulates this covenant when the crown is placed upon his head, with the additional guarantee of the most solemn oath that Magyar ingenuity and suspicion has been able to devise. At a later stage of the proceedings he takes the ecclesiastical oath, whereby he calls God to witness that he will govern his people in peace and justice, and maintain the privileges of Holy Church. Finally, he presents the heir apparent to the people, and causes him, if of competent age, to declare that he will, when his day arrives, faithfully fulfil the ceremonial required by law.

A King of Hungary who has performed these solemnities has pledged himself to his subjects by the most solemn compacts which can pass between man and man. Looking to the pious attestations whereby the Emperor Francis Joseph accompanied the grant of the February Constitution, and the facility with which that Constitution was withdrawn after five years of partial trial, it would be idle to charge the Imperial conscience with a too pedantic and too punctilious discharge of political promises. At the same time nothing in the Emperor's public acts can be regarded as showing a deliberate determination to deceive. No wonder then, if he refused to proceed with the Coronation until he had come to an understanding with the Diet as to the sense to be affixed to his declarations and oaths. The difficulty which here faced him was entirely of his own manufacture. The Hungarian Diet was not going to accept a brand new constitution from Francis Joseph of Austria. It would treat with the

King of Hungary, not with any other person. Now the Emperor of Austria refused to qualify as King of Hungary, or to grant his subjects even a preliminary restitution of those rights whose continuity he had acknowledged. Thus he drew round himself a circle from which there was no escape, especially since he considered that, for God's anointed as for God himself, the chief glory was to conceal a thing. The whole affair repeated a well-known feature of our own Walcheren expedition. Lord Chatham was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan, and Sir Richard was waiting for the Earl of Chatham. Looking to the letter of the Address, the Hungarians appeared to demand the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. But, in reality, they were ready to make large concessions to Vienna. According to strict doctrine, the Emperor should have completed his coronation, named a Ministry to represent him in the Diet, appointed a Palatine, and replaced the financial, military, and other institutions of the Kingdom on the provisional footing on which they were left by the imperfect legislation of 1848. But there never was any serious intention of calling for any large part of this programme. A very moderate instalment would, in fact, have satisfied Hungarian susceptibility, especially at an early stage of the business. Even up to the hour of the Diet's prorogation both Déakists and Tigers were disposed to wink at a compromise. The Emperor would restore the free action of the county system, and name a Ministry in accordance with the laws of 1848. If so disposed, he might select his Ministers from the minority of the Diet. The majority would not attempt to embarrass Ministers, who, being appointed *ad hoc*, would be free from the regular rules of constitutional etiquette. No question need be raised of the immediate restoration of the other essentials of the system of 1848. Taxes might be collected, and recruits raised, as usual; the Government of Hungary might, in fact, proceed without change, except that it would be administered by Hungarian instead of Austrian authority. The Ministers should, if necessary, receive a Bill of Indemnity to enable them to govern on these exceptional terms. Meanwhile ideas would be interchanged between the Diet and King, Ministers being at hand to present and defend the Royal propositions, or to explain the King's intentions as to those which the Diet might mature. The necessary laws could then be discussed and drafted for the Royal signature. The Coronation would follow, and the crowned King's first act would be to append his sign manual to the new Constitutional Code. Thus the dignity of the Emperor of Austria would be saved, and the Continuity of Hungarian Rights sufficiently allowed.

This was one of several schemes of compromise put forth at Pesth. The Hungarians might, however, have been induced to stretch concession still further. To two points, and to two points only, they were prepared to cling. The place of the Kingdom in the Empire must not be lower than that which it took under the old régime, and the King must govern by a responsible Hungarian Ministry. This principle refused, present pacification was impossible, and future revolution no improbable result. This principle allowed, the Diet would have been careless of ulterior details. The King had only to signify his pleasure by special Commissioners, or by written message. The nomination of a national Cabinet, and the question of the county institutions, might have been deferred till a general settlement had been made. So eager were the Hungarians, after eighteen years of tyranny and ruin, for an epoch of prosperity and law.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE.

WE propose to give our readers a few examples of the judicial style of this eminent Judge which may be found enlivening the pages of the reports of cases argued and decided in his Court. An assignee of a bankrupt had purchased from a creditor his claim to dividend under the estate. A bill was filed by the creditor to set aside this transaction, and the assignee said on his own behalf that if he had known the state of the law he should never have been concerned in it. The comment of Lord Justice Knight Bruce upon this defence was, "Men may be honest without being lawyers, and there are doings from which instinct, without learning, may make them recoil." In a suit between rival parties claiming the management of a Dissenting chapel, a decree had been pronounced, and an injunction granted against disturbance. Upon a motion for commitment to prison for breach of this injunction, the defendant made an affidavit stating that he had not entered the chapel, but had remained outside while his solicitor on his behalf had entered. The Lord Justice described the defendant's conduct as "attending divine worship, so to speak, by attorney." In a case of great complication we find the Lord Justice saying that he is unable to satisfy his mind "whether the obscure will before him is affected by the still darker Act of Parliament"; and this failure had not been for want of considering the case, "for I have considered it so thoroughly as to be convinced that I cannot, for any useful purpose, consider it longer." He said of another case, that it had been well argued, "by which I mean that, included in what the Court heard, was every observation reasonably possible." A frivolous and vexatious suit was instituted in Scotland. The defenders, instead of meeting it there, instituted in England a suit equally frivolous but less vexatious, to stay the other. They obtained the order they desired, with which one might have supposed their adversary would also have been content. "But no; the attractions of a desperate Scotch

law-suit seem more powerful than one would have guessed. A writer to the Signet, as he once had been, *agnovit veteris vestigia flammæ*. The Court of Session had only pleasing alarms for him." Accordingly, the pursuer, who was entitled to nothing, was making a claim on the defenders in a manner which would be irrational and absurd if he were entitled to anything; "but how did this confer on them any privilege (if a Chancery suit be a privilege) beyond others of the Queen's peaceable subjects, tormented by fanatic litigants?" The Lord Justice considered that the order made by a Vice-Chancellor to stay the Scotch suit was wrong; "and as, according to a maxim of the civil law, *invito beneficium non datur*, we are justified in visiting the appellant with success in his appeal." The Court having, in another case, made an interlocutory order, the propriety of which was afterwards questioned, the Lord Justice said:—

An able and eminent member of this Bar, whom we have lost, used to say that there was no justice in August. Not agreeing with him to that extent, I do acknowledge that, ever since I have been acquainted with the Court, there has been a prevalent notion that its light is at that season often in the wane.

In another case he said that the litigants had conducted themselves in a praiseworthy manner, "for the evidence of the petitioners is less in favour of themselves than of the respondents, and that of the respondents is less in favour of themselves than of the petitioners." The judgment in the case as to Burgess's Fish Sauce has been made so familiar that we will not quote it. The next case to it in the same volume of Reports contains the Lord Justice's remark upon an agreement between a railway company and a contractor, which, as he says, from his inexperience in those matters, does seem to him singular. "The effect of this agreement is that the running and working of the trains, so deeply interesting to a large class of the Queen's subjects, is committed to the superintendence of men who may cause any number of deaths and any amount of bodily injury, to any number of persons, at the cost of 100*l.*, and no more." Among the judgments delivered as Vice-Chancellor, we find one in a suit by a vendor against a purchaser for specific performance of a contract. The learned judge entered into a minute examination of all the circumstances, extending over many months, from the signing of this contract to the purchaser's refusal to complete it, and a narrative which even his remarkable felicity of language could not render otherwise than tedious is suddenly enlivened by the following passage:—

That year rolled on and ended. Another spring came, and still the purchase was, without any fault on the defendant's part, not completed, and still the contract was alive. Matters, however, had, by little and little, so far advanced in the course of the fourteen or fifteen months which had passed since 1844, that there were indications upon which the plaintiff, if he did not rely, might, perhaps, without much rashness, have almost relied as promising him peace and speedy payment: *Nescius auræ fallacis*. Towards the close of March 1846, there arose a cloud out of Lincoln's Inn like a man's hand. A letter, dated the 30th of that month, from the defendant's solicitor to the plaintiff's solicitor, was thus, &c. &c.

In a suit concerning the validity of a transfer of shares executed by a minor, Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce described the transferor as "a lad to whom assuredly the materials before the Court do not enable me to ascribe the wisdom of a serpent, if they do not require me to believe his innocence to have been that of a pigeon." In a case where an attorney had bought property of a client which he was employed to sell, he said, "Such an attorney must not be overpowered with surprise, or expect to meet an exuberance of sympathy, if he shall find his motives and conduct harshly construed and described roughly." In the well-known case of *Barrow v. Barrow*, Lord Justice Knight Bruce described another attorney as "a bachelor, yet, though a bachelor, versed somewhat in the ways of women, as having, at least, eight living children by three living mothers, a combination of circumstances which, known to his present wife when she resolved to marry him, was not viewed by her as uncommendatory of the proposed connection."

In the Vice-Chancellor's Court was also delivered an explanation of the reasons why an infant son should not be committed to the care of a father who was a follower of Prince, "the servant of the Lord," and founder of the establishment called the Agapemone, near Bridgewater. The learned judge's power of satirical description was never exercised on a more suitable occasion. He sketches the history of the courtship and of the marriage of the parents of the child whose disposal was in question before the Court. There was no settlement made upon the marriage, but this was not an oversight. The lady mentioned the subject, and "Brother Thomas permitted himself to write to her this all but impossible letter." Even the Vice-Chancellor's copious store of words could add nothing to the effect produced by simply reading this letter, which stated that the settlement would be very agreeable to the writer, "but last evening, waiting on God, this matter quite unexpectedly was brought before me. . . . He shows me that the principle is quite contrary to His word, and altogether at variance with that confidence which is to exist between us, who are one spirit. Give it up to God," &c. This "unparalleled performance" failed to open the lady's eyes, and "she became annexed by an additional tie to the school or suite of the servant of the Lord." Six months afterwards the servant of the Lord and some of his followers went, "I believe professionally," to Bridgewater. The reader will not fail to observe the force of this single word, "professionally." Brother Thomas was soon sent for. "The summons which professed, I believe, to be a call to attend a spiritual tea-party at Bridgewater was obeyed." Brother Thomas left his wife, and did not return to her. A child was born, and the father now claimed the custody of it. "To

what home," asks the Vice-Chancellor, "to what abode is he to take the child?" To none suggested, except that "somehow mysterious establishment" which he proceeds to describe:—

It appears that the Servant of the Lord, with or without the aid of others, has founded or formed a kind of cenobitical establishment, which, though placed not on the Euripus, but on the Bristol Channel, he has denominated Agapemone, a name no doubt adopted in order to make the people of Somersetshire understand or guess its object, which, however, unluckily, I fear that few either there or elsewhere in any very clear manner do. The Servant of the Lord, as may be supposed, presides and governs, but not perhaps strictly as an archimandrite or abbot, for the establishment scarcely seems to be a convent either in connection with the Greek Church or otherwise. Its inmates, who are not few, and are of each sex, can hardly be nuns and friars; for some, though not all of them, are married couples, and the men and women are not separated. They, however, call themselves and address each other as brothers and sisters. There appears to be something, whether really as well as professedly, or professedly alone, in the nature or design of the institution, which perhaps might render it fit to be described as a Spiritual Boarding House; though to what kind of religion, if any, the inmates belong, does not I think appear. . . . The Agapemonians appear to set a high value on bodily exercise of a cheerful and amusing kind. Their stable, according to the description which Mr. Thomas gave me of it, must be unexceptionable. . . . They play, moreover, frequently or occasionally, at lively and energetic games, such as hockey, ladies and all. So that their life may be considered less ascetic than frolicsome. . . .

This was the establishment in which Mr. Thomas dwelt, and thither it was to be supposed he would take his son. "But God forbid," said the Vice-Chancellor, "that I should be accessory to condemning any child to such a state of probable debasement."

The above extracts must suffice to indicate the character of a judgment which, we regret to say, exists at present only in the volumes of Chancery Reports. It is not for us to predict whether, if an enterprising publisher were to undertake to publish in shilling parts, adapted for railway use, the entire series of Reports of Judgments of Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, beginning with *Yonny and Collyer*, going on to *De Gex and Smith*, and ending with *De Gex, Jones, and Smith*, the speculation would be found profitable. But although it may be considered, generally speaking, an evil that every legal case that deserves reporting, and many that do not, should be reported five or six times in as many different publications, we cannot help regarding as fortunate that operation of this system which has multiplied the existing stores of the wit and eloquence of the late Vice-Chancellor and Judge of Appeal, and has rendered them accessible to the whole legal profession and almost to the outside public. If any barrister or solicitor desires to afford a pleasant evening's amusement to his neighbours during the winter, he may be confidently advised to announce a reading from the judgments of Sir J. L. Knight Bruce. Perhaps the learned authors of the regular series of Reports might be tempted to combine to impart to the general reader a slight knowledge of the treasures which lie buried in the "dark unfathomed caves" of their ponderous calf-bound volumes. It is a pity that the conscientious labours of a De Gex in noting and editing these judgments should be like flowers "born to blush unseen," except within the narrow precincts of Stone Buildings.

On Wednesday week, the body which had contained this fertile and ingenious mind was carried to the grave. Retirement from the judicial seat was followed within a short time by death, and thus the legal profession was deprived of one of its most honoured members and its chief ornaments. We have dwelt so much upon that side of the mental character of the deceased which was most remarkable and interesting, that we are in some danger of appearing to forget that the deceased judge was not only a witty and eloquent speaker; but a learned lawyer, and an acute investigator of complicated facts. He formed conclusions swiftly, and for the most part rightly. He seemed to sport with abstruse legal doctrines with which his great mental powers, exercised during many years at the Bar and on the Bench, had made him thoroughly familiar. But in his play he did not forget to work. His fun never spoiled his law, and no one had better right to ask—

ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

After all, however, his highest praise must be that he did not use his rare intellectual gifts for unkind or unworthy purposes. His sarcasms were directed to the exposure of fraud and humbug. He may have been somewhat intolerant of bores, and perhaps he did sometimes vex a learned person who is now an ex-Chancellor by interjecting questions which checked the majestic flow of the oratory of the foremost advocate of the Chancery Bar. But his general courtesy of manner, springing as it did from true kindness of heart, will cause him to be long remembered with affection by the practitioners in his Court, among whom universal sorrow was expressed when illness and death removed one of the most familiar and most cherished personages of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. The innumerable stories which exist of his sayings and doings would be found, if collected, even more amusing than his deliberate judgments. What can be happier than his correction of a slight error made by a gentleman whose learning, otherwise copious, did not include the Latin language? This gentleman intended to have quoted the maxim *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, but he had substituted *a* for *u*. "No, Mr. So-and-so," said the Lord Justice, "*qui facit per aliam facit per se*." Again, how pleasantly he met a reference to an authority not often cited in the Court of Chancery! In a suit between father and son the counsel for the son spoke of the desirableness of an accommodation which, even at that advanced stage, he would urge his client to accept, intimating that he would suggest

as a precedent suitable to be followed on that occasion the conduct of a son to his father as described in Holy Scripture. "Is it anywhere stated," inquired the Lord Justice, "that that son put his father into Chancery?" Once more, he had before him a case relating to the Madrid and Valencia Railway Company. He desired to know whether the place mentioned was Valencia in Spain or Valencia in Ireland. Counsel for the Company, somewhat indignantly, pointed out that this was a scheme for a railway to connect two towns. The Judge answered, "It makes not the slightest difference; it is a mere project." The shortest of all his judgments was given as Vice-Chancellor, on the hearing of a suit brought under the advice of an able counsel, now deceased, who supported an utterly hopeless case with all the power of argument that he could bring to bear. When he had finished speaking the Judge simply quoted:—

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent.

The vivacious manner of this learned judge upon the bench, and the ceaseless interpellations to which counsel arguing before him were liable, will be long preserved in memory by the comparison of the original Lords Justices, Lord Cranworth and Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, to Mr. and Mrs. Caudle in *Punch's* "Curtain Lectures." His extreme near-sightedness caused him constantly to use an eye-glass in a queer poking manner, which is perhaps more vividly remembered than any other of his personal characteristics. This failing furnishes the basis of the last story which we will allow ourselves to tell concerning him. His son, who used to drive him to and from the Court at Lincoln's Inn, took a fancy for a tandem. This turn-out was considered by some grave elders scarcely consistent with judicial dignity. But the Lord Justice remained for some time ignorant of the style in which he made his daily journeys. One day, however, he brought his glass to bear upon the leading horse of the team, who was behaving with all the liveliness usual under such circumstances, and after vain efforts to discover the nature of the curious object which thus attracted his attention, he asked his son, "What is that thing that I see bobbing up and down in front of us?"

It is probable that, in time to come, the volumes which contain the judgments of this distinguished judge will receive special attention from the legal student, because they convey in a clear and lively manner knowledge which can usually be obtained only by a slow and tedious process. These judgments are the product of a mind of high natural capacity cultivated in many and various ways. The author of them was at once a scholar and a lawyer, and he furnished a conspicuous example, of which in our day we can ill afford to be deprived, of scrupulous attention not only to the matter but to the manner of his judicial utterances. By his retirement the legal profession lost a rare combination, upon the Bench, of force of thought with felicity of language; by his death it has lost one whom to know was to respect and love.

REVIEWS.

FROUDE'S REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—VOL. IV.*

MANY of the remarks which we made on Mr. Froude's third or ninth volume apply also to this his fourth or tenth. But the present volume has some characteristics of its own. It contains some of the best things that Mr. Froude has written. It also contains some of his most portentous blunders. On the whole perhaps it shows less than its immediate predecessors of that curious tendency to get at once worse and better—to develop in the direction of combined goodness and dulness—which has come upon him since he entered on the present portion of his task. We had begun to think that, by the time Mr. Froude had got through the thirty years which he still has before him, he would have attained to a full mastery of morality and accuracy, and at the same time would have become so stupid that it would be impossible to read a word. There is certainly no fear of the last danger, as long as he can still give us such passages as his descriptions of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, of the death of John Knox, and of the siege of Edinburgh Castle. Mr. Froude, it seems, can now give us, when he chooses, really clear, vivid, and powerful narrative without any of the silly affectation and sentimentality of his earlier volumes. We believe that in the whole account of the siege of Edinburgh Castle there is not a single metaphor. We are certain that there is not a single sentence which we had to read over twice to make out its meaning. It is not as in the old times when Mr. Froude stopped on the bank of a Yorkshire river to meditate on the stream of time, till it was hopeless to guess whether it was the literal or the metaphorical stream that he was talking about. There is now no nonsense about stars or daisies, no doubtful speculations about the weather, and not much of those revelations of the other world of which he is elsewhere so fond. Kirkaldy of Grange is allowed to be hanged without any reference to God or the Devil, and, if the August sun is introduced, it is because the sun seems this time, for once in a way, to have had a real hand in the business. It is a fine incident, finely told. If everything that Mr. Froude has written had been in the same style, he would hold

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vol. IV. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

a very different place in English literature from what he does hold in the eyes of sober judges.

At the same time, we have nowhere found surer signs than in this volume of one point on which we have often commented—namely, Mr. Froude's total ignorance of all history beyond the immediate range of his own subject. The passage which we have specially in our eye also illustrates another fault which goes far to destroy the value of his labours even when what he gives us is the result of real and conscientious work. We complained long ago that his first two volumes of Elizabeth had almost ceased to be a narrative, and had become a collection of State Papers with comments interspersed. This is not nearly so much the case in the present volume. But Mr. Froude has fallen into a way of using his authorities than which nothing can be more deceptive or more dangerous. The actual words of a document are always valuable, but it is only seldom that they can find a fitting place in the text of a continuous narrative. On the other hand, a summary of a debate, of a negotiation, of the contents of a bundle of papers of any kind, avowedly in the words of the historian, and which makes no pretence to reproduce the actual language of the originals, has its own value of another kind. We trust it so far as we know that we can trust the historian. If we know him to be accurate and impartial, we accept his summary as a faithful representation of the general results of the documents before him, but we know that each particular sentence is his composition and not the composition of the original writers. In either of these cases we know where we are. But, with Mr. Froude's present way of dealing with documents, we do not know where we are. He is fond of giving us long passages between inverted commas, with no signs of omission or alteration, which we find from a note are "abridged." Now we will not call this dishonest; we do not believe that Mr. Froude is intentionally dishonest in this or in any other matter; but then it is because he does not know what literary honesty and dishonesty are. Any one who understands the nature and value of evidence would at once have seen that, under this sort of treatment, a document at once loses all its value. Those who have no means of access to the original manuscripts—that is, all Mr. Froude's readers with an infinitesimal class of exceptions—are put in a position in which they wish to know, and have a right to know, what the document really says, while they have no means given them of knowing. An "abridgment" by Mr. Froude is worthless. We do not know what his notions of abridgment are. We do not know what he leaves out, how much he leaves out, or in what part of the document the passages which he leaves out originally came. We have no means of knowing the comparative worth of what Mr. Froude keeps and of what he leaves out. Our way of looking at many things is so different from Mr. Froude's that it may very likely happen that those things which he leaves out may be just the things which we should be most anxious to keep. We have so often known him slur over and confuse most important things from simply not understanding them that we have no faith in his judgment in matters of this kind. His general statements of results we take at what they may be worth. His abridgments of documents are, on the face of them, worth nothing. They are simply fallacious and tantalizing; we have no means of judging how much is genuine and how much is not, except by marking where his intensely modern English is tacked on to the natural Elizabethan. But sometimes Mr. Froude gives us the means of testing him. Let us try a somewhat remarkable passage. In p. 371 he tells us:—

It had been argued in the Admiralty Courts that "the Prince of Orange, having his principality of his title in France, might make lawful war against the Duke of Alva;" and that the Queen would violate the rules of neutrality if she closed her ports against his cruisers.

In a note he adds:—

"Aliqua ratione injuriosum videri potest immiscere se actibus et litibus exterorum principum, qualis est iste Princeps Orangianus, quem constat liberum esse Principem Imperii; et, ut apparet, eum ipsi Imperatori et Statibus Imperii acceptum tum etiam Galliarum Regi, in quo regno possessiones multas obtinet, satis gratum."—*Responsio Articulis quibusdam a Domino Schwegenhem propositis*, Feb. 22. MSS. Flanders.

"Sum of the answer made to M. Schwegenhem attending for the King Catholic, Feb. 22." Burghley's hand.—MSS. Spain.

We presume that the words put by Mr. Froude in inverted commas are not Lord Burghley's summary of the Latin extract in the note, but Mr. Froude's own; for it is utterly impossible that Burghley could have so misconceived a piece of plain Latin, or have so utterly misunderstood the position of any contemporary prince. We therefore treat the words as Mr. Froude's translation of the Latin. Nothing can be plainer than the Latin. The Prince of Orange is a sovereign Prince of the Empire, and, as such, he has a right to make war or peace without restraint from foreign princes. He has also large private estates in the kingdom of France. His course of action is acceptable both to the Emperor and to the States of the Empire, of which, as a sovereign Prince, he is a member, and also to the King of France, of whom, in regard to his French estates, he is a subject. This is evidently the meaning—a meaning consistent with all the facts of the case. What is meant by the Prince of Orange "having his principality of his title in France" is not very clear, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Froude fancies that Orange was then in France. He perhaps looked at the newest map of France in Departments, and saw Orange marked as a town in the Department of Vaucluse. That was enough for him. He had no idea that in the six-

teenth century, Orange, like Avignon and Muhlhausen down to much later times, though having France for a very dangerous neighbour, was not part of France. It was not even "in France" in the sense of being surrounded by France, as the greater part of the principality of Orange was conterminous, not with France, but with the Papal dominion of Venissien. The two formed an *enclave* in France, a fragment of old Burgundy which had as yet escaped Parisian annexation. The Prince of Orange, though his principality was cut off from the body of the Empire, was still, in his principality of Orange, a sovereign Prince of the Empire and not a French subject. Any one versed in general European history would have known all this. But then, as we have so often shown, Mr. Froude is not versed in general European history. Yet one would have thought that any one who had never heard of the facts before would have learned them from the single passage which he quotes. No exposition of the case can be plainer. Mr. Froude's translation is, as a piece of mistranslation of Latin, something astounding; as a piece of historical ignorance it is more astounding still. We dare say he will think us very pedantic for attaching any importance to such matters, but the great facts of the history of Europe are really worth some little attention. It appears that Mr. Froude really attaches no meaning whatever to the words "Princeps Imperii," "Imperator," "Status Imperii." We should have thought that even Mr. Froude did not need to be taught that the Emperor and the King of France were two different persons. In his own reference we have "Imperator" and "Galliarum Rex" as clearly as possible distinguished, and yet he seemingly identifies them. Is it possible that Mr. Froude thought that the "Imperium" spoken of was the "Empire Français," of which we have heard by fits and starts ever since 1804, and that the "Status Imperii" meant the "Corps Législatif" which may, once in a session, inform the world of its views on the affairs of other States besides France, though unluckily the affairs of Orange no longer come under that head?

But if the Empire and the Princes thereof are thus unfairly defrauded of their rights on the Rhone, Mr. Froude more than makes it up to them by investing them with rights on the Vistula to which they had not pretended for ages. In p. 420 we read, "The Crown of Poland was likely to be vacant, and [Catherine de' Medici] was looking to the German Princes to elect the Duke of Anjou." We have turned this sentence round and round, to see if any process of charitable construction could get any other meaning of it. But all such attempts are vain; we can hit upon nothing but the literal and grammatical sense, and that sense proclaims that, in Mr. Froude's belief, the German Princes had the disposal of the Crown of Poland. Again, in a master of English we not unreasonably look for a certain accuracy of expression. Can a crown be vacant? A throne may, as we knew by the vote of a famous English Convention, but can a crown? But such minuteness as this is perhaps too much to expect from a writer who loads his text with the lowest vulgarisms of the newspapers. "Agard was casually alluded to afterwards by the Deputy as an able and zealous officer." Mr. Froude (p. 314)—for we cannot believe that it is Don Guerau—makes Burghley "allude repeatedly with sufficient discourtesy to the Spanish treatment of Doctor Man." In the translation or abridgment of another Spanish document, we read that "the French Cardinals at Rome are now certain their own people will take the initiative"—words of which we greatly desire to know the Spanish. In two places we actually find such washerwoman's English as the use of *lay* for *lie*. In p. 155 we find, "His ostensible business would lay with Alba." Elsewhere, in p. 354, a magnificent bit of metaphor is spoiled—or perhaps, as we are no judges of such things, enhanced—by the same utter vulgarism. Elizabeth, we are told, "from a mixture of motives," "laid with flapping wings drifting in the gale." So, too, Mr. Froude, in speaking of French princes and nobles, has no rule for describing them. We suppose that it would not be fashionable to speak of them consistently, as Lord Macaulay does, in good English; so Mr. Froude plunges manfully into all the barbarisms and inconsistencies of the Court Circular. Thus in p. 398, the Dukes of Guise, father and son, are allowed to be Dukes, but the widow of one of them is "the Duchesse de Nemours." "To the Duchesse the assassination of the Admiral was the delightful gratification of a laudable desire." But in the very next sentence we have "the Duke of Guise and his uncle the Duke of Aumale." But we must not rush too hastily to a conclusion that Mr. Froude describes men in English and women in lingo. A little way on, in p. 435, we twice have a "Duc d'Alençon," who, however, in an intermediate line crops up again as a "Duke." What reason there is for talking about "the Duc d'Alençon" which there is not equally for talking about "the Roi de France" we have never yet been able to find out.

Mr. Froude throughout can never keep himself from dragging in into his summaries, sometimes actually into the passages put between inverted commas, all kinds of expressions which only prove the intense modernism of his own mind. "As the Duke of Feria observed, some Pope of the future might trouble Spain." As the Duke of Feria had had no opportunity of reading Baron Bunsen, he was not at all likely to talk about a "Pope of the future," and the expression, though seemingly meant to be witty, has absolutely no point. For by "the Church of the future," we take Baron Bunsen to have meant something more than merely "the future Church," while it is plain that, with Mr. Froude, "a Pope of the future" is simply the grand style for "a future Pope." So, again, the English settlers in Ireland "declared,"

according to Mr. Froude, "that they meant rather 'to carry England to Ireland,' than to leave, as so many else had done, their nationality behind them." That Englishmen of the sixteenth century declared anything about "nationality," we venture to doubt. Here, again, in inverted commas, in the draft of an abortive Bill in the Parliament of 1571, we read:—

The framers of the Bill desired to intimate, "that Archbishops and Bishops, Deans and Provosts of Colleges, ought to maintain their households on the old and generous scale; and for the necessary evils, their wives, those ladies should consider that they were the companions of learned men, who had charge and care of the whole Realm as concerning the doctrine of faith and good examples of life."

When Mr. Froude goes on to speak of "sad and discreet matrons," we believe that he is quoting the real words of his document, but who will believe that the House of Commons talked about "those ladies," and "the necessary evils, their wives"? Mr. Froude tells us elsewhere (190), that, in abridging his documents, he has, "as far as possible, preserved the tone." Dr. Maitland confessed long ago that he knew very little "of the nature of angels" or "of the limits of possibility." Mr. Froude clearly draws the limit of possibility much nearer than Dr. Maitland did, though at the same time he always professes that familiarity with the nature of angels—and of devils, too—which Dr. Maitland so modestly shrank from claiming.

When Mr. Froude chooses to talk fine in his own person, it is another matter. What "a liberal reconstruction of Europe" (p. 429) may be we have no kind of notion, but the mysterious words come from Mr. Froude's own mouth, and are not put into that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who would have been at least as much puzzled as ourselves to guess at their meaning. We might also stumble a little at the word "outlook," in p. 531; but that again is Mr. Froude's own affair. It is more amusing when he tells us:—

We have seen Philip's Cabinet planning murder, in the cause also, as they believed, of God and Holy Church; while Cecil and Walsingham were struggling desperately to bind England and France together, and the Queen was choosing the edge of the precipice to execute her matrimonial coquet dance.

We dare say this is a very elegant and tasteful picture, though, being poor judges of metaphors, we cannot tell.

These things are matters of taste; it is rather different when we again find (p. 155) the seventeenth-century phrase of "the country party" first clothed with an absurd nineteenth-century meaning and then carried back into the sixteenth. When the Duke of Norfolk addresses King Philip as "*Celeritudo tua*" (171), as we presume that a sarcasm is not designed, we suspect a fault of the printer; but an accurate eye would have been caught by the difference between "*Celeritudo*" and "*Celsitudo*." So we do not suppose that Mr. Froude really does not know the difference between a "*High Steward*" in p. 319 and a "*High Sheriff*" in p. 327. But a really careful writer would not allow such a slip of the pen or of the press to escape him.

We must return once more to Mr. Froude to deal with some points in the general subject of the present volume, especially to the part relating to Ireland, which, as usual, is one of the best parts of the book.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.*

WE cannot find fault with Miss Whately for failure, or at least comparative failure, in a work in which we take success to be impossible. A son very seldom writes a father's life well; a daughter still more seldom—especially when the father happens to have been a clergyman; most especially where he happens to have been a Whately. In the volumes before us the difficulty meets us at every turn. The authoress, *e.g.*, is unavoidably full of the Archbishop. Now Whately was more natural in any other character than in the archiepiscopal; he hated its pomp and state with an honest aversion, and was never quite at ease until he had thrown it off as entirely as he could. Filial reverence, again, is strong in her. All Whately's best sayings, on the other hand, are of the rough-and-ready, non-reverent (we are very far from meaning irreverent) sort; therefore, they are suppressed. He seldom said a happier thing than one evening, at a Castle reception, when a starched Chief Justice directed his attention to a lady's dress, which perhaps verged on undue publicity, with "Did you ever, my Lord, see anything so shocking?" and he gave the Chief Justice his quietus with "Never, since I was weaned." It is Whately all over, and is inimitable; but probably no persuasion could have procured its admission into the pages before us. The result is that we have a very fine Archbishop, but not Whately. Possibly, had Mr. Senior survived his old tutor a little longer, he might have given us the whole man; but we are not sure that Miss Whately would have entrusted the task to him. There is an excess of reverence about her treatment of everything connected with her father which is always trembling on the edge of timidity; it is all very right and very becoming, only one heartily wishes she were writing any other person's life. We are not sure that even blundering, unblushing Mr. Fitzpatrick does not give us, in some respects, the truer picture of the two. Amidst a multitude of absurdities and penny-a-lining inventions of the day we had there, at all events, Whately *vis à voce*, where he shone; we have here only Whately in letters, where he was didactic, essayish,

and just a little dull. Moreover, it is not clear that we have the best even of the letters. They are chiefly those to Mr. Senior; and the latter was a statesman, or on the borders of statesmanship. Those to Dr. Arnold were probably far more autobiographical, and of these all but one are lost. Dr. Newman's sketch in the *Apologia*, and the graphic reminiscences of Mr. Hercules Dickinson at the end of the second volume, are admirable; but, unfortunately, they stand alone, and the real Whately of the last generation will now never be known beyond the few who personally remember the rude, amorphous, but massive and almost grand thing that he was. However, we must make what we can of the materials before us.

Richard Whately, born in 1787, was the youngest of the nine children of a divine of the old order who combined a stall at Bristol, a country benefice, and a Gresham lectureship with permanent residence at Nonsuch Park, Surrey. Richard was a puny child; never knew what it was to have a healthy appetite for his first ten or eleven years; and the earliest remembered event of his life was his being weighed against a turkey, to the advantage of the latter. He was much younger than any of his brothers; accordingly he spent his days alone, picking up the rudiments of natural history among ducklings, birds, and spiders in the garden; and his chief amusements were mental arithmetic and castle-building. His castles, however, were of the ethical and political sort; the boy was constructing ideal republics and schemes for ameliorating the world when most lads of his age are busy about marbles and trap-ball. He would often say in after life, of theories of government, civilization, &c., "I went through that when I was twelve; such a system I thought out when I was thirteen." His family regretted afterwards that he was not sent to a public school, but we think they were mistaken. He was not at all the boy or man for a republic anywhere but in theory; everything about him was autocratic; and school-life would probably have added to his temperament a sourness which was happily absent from his nature. It was well, both for himself and for the world, that he was never bullied.

In 1805 he went to Oriel, very absent, painfully shy, and almost morbidly self-contained. Fortunately, he found in his tutor, Copleston, just the man to draw him out of himself, and educate him as naturally and healthily as sunshine educates spring flowers. He came out a double-second (all through his after life, we need hardly be told, he had something like a contempt for firsts), in due time got the English Essay, and in 1811 was elected fellow of his college, then entering on its palmy time. Davison, Keble, Arnold, Hawkins, Pusey, Newman, Hampden, are among the names of his contemporaries that first occur to us, and Oriel common-room gave a tone alike to his conversation and his life which they retained throughout. We much regret that so little is given us about his Oxford days. The first forty-three years of his life are summed up in just twice that number of pages, and the loss is considerable. Much might even yet have been gathered from contemporaries which will now, we fear, float down the stream forgotten. We have a few reminiscences of the Oxford time in his *Commonplace-book*, and it is just hinted by Miss Whately how he shocked the Dons by irreverently stalking Christ Church walk in beaver, and teaching his big dog to climb the trees and plump into the Cherwell, splashing perhaps a dignitary or two; how the white hat and white rough coat betokened the man within, and gained him the *sobriquet* of "the white bear"; how he delighted in cross-country "skirmishes," and once lugged a dandified pupil through a stream with scant regard for his polished shoes and refined feelings; but the capital jokes, the merciless "chaff," and the broad brusquerie of his daily life are all wanting. Bishop Hinds is just allowed to give a sketch of his first interview with him as private tutor:—

His apartment was a small one, and the little room in it much reduced by an enormous sofa, on which I found him stretched at length with a pipe in his mouth, the atmosphere becoming denser and denser as he puffed. Not being accustomed to smoking, my eyes burned and my head was affected. All, however, was soon forgotten in the interest of the interview. There was no ostentatious display of talent and acquirement. Never did tutor in his teaching seem to think so little of himself, and to be so thoroughly engrossed with making his pupil comprehend what he taught. As was his custom, he often digressed from the lecture proper into some other topic, but was always instructive and entertaining. We immediately took to one another; I parted from him dazzled and fascinated.

But even this outline is evidently too familiar for Miss Whately. "The traits cited of him," she says, "though some of them may appear trivial, are so strikingly indicative of his character that she cannot withhold them, but it is with evident reluctance that she wrote down the sentence about smoking. As we said before, a daughter should not have written Whately's life. An engraver might as well try to give his portrait without black lines, as a biographer to give it without his trivialities. There is a man before us, no doubt, and a thinker, but it is not Whately—it is only the less taking half of him. We must not omit, however, before we leave this part of his life, a fine sentence in the book. When asked whether he did not feel nervous the first time he read prayers in church, he said, 'I dared not.' He was most reserved about everything connected with personal religion, throughout his life, and almost contemptuously careless of the mere accessories of devotion; but a more thoroughly religious man never lived. The years 1821–1831 were probably the happiest, as they were certainly among the most active, of Whately's life. His capacity for literary work at this time was enormous; his industry untiring; his influence at Oxford growing, though always injured by his sturdy and contemptuous resistance to the whole tone of the place;

* *Life and Correspondence of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin.* By E. Jane Whately, Author of "English Synonyms." 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

and his reputation in the outer world becoming established. The period was not perhaps very favourable for persons who professed to belong to no party, and who, sometimes for mere fun, affected un-orthodoxy. Still, on the whole, he lived, whether at Halesworth or at Oxford, both a happy and a useful life. We do not find in his letters of a later date expressions of regret that he had exchanged them for a stormier career, for it was not Whately's way to change his mind about anything, much less to say so; but among the letters to Blanco White there is a curious one, entering into the details, pecuniary and other, of private and episcopal life as he had known them, and showing how decidedly the balance preponderated against the latter. But we must pass on.

Without adopting Mr. Fitzpatrick's lively expedient of writing to Lord Grey and asking him point-blank whether he knows what on earth could have induced his father to make Whately an Archbishop, we see the story pretty plainly in these volumes. The appointment was, no doubt, a risk for the new Government, but not nearly so great a risk as it seemed; while his ability was unquestionably great, and his firmness thoroughly reliable. The scheme of mixed education was to be tried, the Irish tithes to be saved from destruction if possible, and the Irish Church shorn of needless offices, and no one seemed so likely to be staunch and steadfast as Whately. The new Archbishop set to work with a will. In about six weeks he had thoroughly made himself acquainted with the tithe question, and his evidence on the subject is at this moment, to our minds, among the ablest of his works, although to the ultimate settling of the squabble he contributed less than might have been expected. Here, as ever, Whately was the teacher; others must carry out the lessons into their details.

The Irish education system will always remain associated with his name. It is scarcely too much to say that, without his diligence, acuteness, and (above all) his singular fairness, the thing never would have had a chance. As it was, with the aid of Whately's energetic superintendence and of Archbishop Murray's ready acquiescence, some approach was made to educating at least one generation of Irishmen. Whether the change in the personnel of the Romish Episcopate should have driven him from his post we scarcely venture to say, in the face of his own strong expressions of opinion; but we are obliged to ask, what else could he expect when he had allowed his too facile pen to be seduced into writing educational books for the Board? Excellent the books are, we all know; but they should have been in use everywhere else rather than where they were. The mistake was simply that of a general who leaves his flank open. Whately was inculpable in front, and in personal encounter; but any stray resolution of the Board might at any time put a slur upon his books, and then he found himself in a false position straightway. There was no advance possible, and retreat was disaster.

All this while he was enduring a very storm of obloquy from the members of his own community. The Irish Protestant of 1866 seems from some recent experiences to be a curious specimen, not readily reducible to any definite type; but the Orangeman of 1831 was, to Whately, something as utterly unintelligible as he to it. For years they simply stared at each other; or rather, Whately stared in wonder, the Orangeman stared in wrath. Whately had written something in the appendix to his "Logic" on the word *persona* which had not been entirely understood—he was a Socinian, or at least a Sabellian; he was civil to Dr. Murray—he was a Jesuit; he published something about the Fourth Commandment—he was a sabbath-breaker; he was free-spoken—every week the newspapers headed some wretched stuff with "The Archbishop's Last"; and, finally, some discerning student of prophecy discovered that the words Ricardus Whately are equivalent, in the recondite arithmetic of the sect, to the ominous 666.

Little wonder that, after a few efforts, Whately gave it up as a bad job, at all events for the time; gathered a group of friends and quasi-pupils around him, and contented himself, amid the perpetual thwarting of his plans, with attending diligently to his confirmations and ordinations (both, by the way, needing attention badly enough), and with endeavouring to raise a new school of men, with a new range of thought, for the bishoprics and benefices of the coming generation. Much has been said of the way in which he was imposed upon here. No doubt Dublin contained its full share of clerical, as of other, humbugs; and no doubt also a man who was, if one may say so, all teacher, not unfrequently supposed that he had found a zealous scholar when, in fact, there was only a sedulous listener, and detected "undesigned coincidences" of a kind the most gratifying to his *amour propre* where, in truth, all that had happened was that an unblushing preferment-hunter had crammed up two or three Whateleians for the interview. Still, in the main, Whately was not deceived in his men, and the Irish Church owes more to him than it is likely to confess.

Here we must end, not halfway through with our task, and after given stray specimens of Whately's work instead of tracing it as a whole. But, in truth, every one should read this *Life* for himself, notwithstanding the defects of which we have spoken. It is the record of a brave, enduring, manly spirit, thinking no labour too great for the accomplishment of its aim, and nothing too small to be either a hindrance or a help therein, and noting it accordingly; a great teacher, with some of a great teacher's faults—a trifle perhaps too dictatorial now and then, and with ears a little too open to the sham questions of a plausible pupil; a man

thoroughly earnest at heart, under cover of a rough and unconventional exterior; equal to the stoutest shock of war and almost exulting in the strife, yet, among children, gentle as a child. This, and much more than this, was the Whately of whom perhaps any "Life" could at best have been only a feeble and inadequate memorial.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CONDITIONED.*

PHILOSOPHICAL reading is difficult at best. When presented in the form of philosophical controversy, it is in its most difficult and most unattractive shape. The statement which tells the most as an argument is not the best for conveying information. The disputant, in the heat of the *mêlée*, forgets that it is a matter of entire indifference to the learner which of two antagonists comes the best out of the wordy war. The greater the magnitude of the question itself at issue, the more impatient we become of the tactics of the arena, and the more angry at having our vision obscured by the dust of the combat.

Unfortunately, metaphysics in this country seem to have lapsed into a chronic state of litigation. It is the disease of free countries that party possesses itself of everything. Pure science even has a difficulty in keeping itself out of the contagion. But the scientific handling of a moral or theological topic is a procedure wholly inconceivable to the public. Party has now found a pleasant and congenial employment in occupying itself with the Philosophy of the Absolute. Mr. Mill had acquired, by a life of thought and retirement, a power over opinion which is rarely indeed wielded in this practical England by a purely speculative philosopher. He chose to descend from his pedestal, to throw away the prestige of a life, and to go in for a row. Mr. Mill was said by his backers to have demolished Sir W. Hamilton. But Sir W. Hamilton has his bottle-holders too. It was incumbent on them to defend their principal. Mr. Mansel steps in with a series of articles in the *Contemporary Review*, here collected into a volume, and claims to have demolished Mr. Mill. Here is the *Λοιπότης* which, according to the rule of the Homeric single-combats, the heroes launch at each other's heads before coming to blows:—

There was reason to expect, from the ability and critical power displayed in Mr. Mill's previous writings, that his assault, whether successful or not in overthrowing his enemy, would at least be guided by a clear knowledge of that enemy's position and purposes; that his dissent would be accompanied by an intelligent apprehension, and an accurate statement, of the doctrines dissented from. In this expectation, we regret to say, we have been disappointed. Not only is Mr. Mill's attack on Hamilton's philosophy, with the exception of some minor details, unsuccessful; but we are compelled to add that, with regard to the three fundamental doctrines of that philosophy . . . Mr. Mill has throughout his criticism altogether missed the meaning of the theories he is attempting to assail. . . . Mr. Mill seems to think that a critic is duly equipped for his task with that amount of knowledge which, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "comes by nature." His work has a superficial cleverness which, together with the author's previous reputation, will insure it a certain kind of popularity, but we venture to predict that its estimation by its readers will be in the inverse ratio to their knowledge of the subject.

We are very far from offering to back Mr. Mill as a metaphysician, or to indorse all his statements. He has indeed made many palpable slips. He quotes, e.g., a passage with approbation, in which it is maintained that "if there was a world in which, wherever two pairs of things are either placed in proximity or contemplated together, a fifth thing is immediately created and brought within the contemplation of the mind, in such a world two and two would make five." We cannot but feel that a mind which can accept so puerile an absurdity is metaphysically unsound, and all its reasonings are to be followed with suspicion. If Mr. Mansel had directed his wit against these weak places, he might have gained some honours of war. But on the principal controversies we do not see that he makes good his boast of exhibiting Mr. Mill as altogether "missing the meaning of the theories he undertakes to assail." Mr. Mill might be wrong, and Mr. Mansel might be right, on the controversies in question. But the question of the right or wrong, the truth or falsehood, of the metaphysical doctrine is merged in the personal question, Is Mr. Mill competent to discuss philosophical questions at all? Has he betrayed, in taking up the sword to smite Sir W. Hamilton, that he is not one of the initiated, that he ought never to have meddled with metaphysics, and that in leaving the fields of practical philosophy he has left his genius behind him? This is really the thesis which Mr. Mansel's volume, though entitling itself the *Philosophy of the Conditioned*, is devoted to prove. It is not our fault if we state the question as we find it. It is the inevitable consequence of the controversial handling of these subjects, that it degrades whatever it touches. In no subject is the contrast more painfully felt than in philosophy, between the serene atmosphere in which alone we can possess the unclouded vision of the ideal world, and the foul and stifling exhalations of the literary stage, on which one man is trying to prove another a fool. Mr. Mansel may allege that Mr. Mill "began." Would it not have evinced a more lofty sense of the true majesty of philosophy to have abstained from personal retort?

It may be said that there is a class of minds whose interest in philosophical topics is not strong enough to induce them to read

* *The Philosophy of the Conditioned; comprising some Remarks on Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, and on Mr. J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy.* By H. L. Mansel, B.D., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in the University of Oxford. London and New York: Strahan. 1866.

an abstract treatise, but who will follow with zest a personal combat through the mazes of a metaphysical argument. There are undoubtedly many such. There have even been periods—as, e.g., the twelfth century—when metaphysical disputatiousness was an epidemic. It is very doubtful if a diffusion of philosophy by such means be a diffusion worth promoting. We by no means intend to insinuate that Mr. Mansel is a mere disputant—one of those “qui palestræ operam dant,” indifferent to anything in the opinion of which he is the champion but its success. Yet it is impossible to avoid speculating upon the cause of that peculiar animosity which it is his ill-fortune to provoke among his critics. The feeling with which he is regarded, the animus which pervades periodical literature when it is looking in his direction, is a suppressed bitterness, intense, deep-seated, and never breaking out into angry denunciations and invectives. Is this merely a tribute to power? Is it only a sense of defeat which exasperates his opponents, while a consciousness of their inferiority compels them to control their exasperation? This can hardly be the case. Among Mr. Mansel's antagonists—and every living writer on philosophy must be reckoned among his antagonists—are many who can have no reason to feel inferiority, or to fear defeat at his hands. Is it then only that pugnacity excites pugnacity? A bull-terrier of the true, grey, Rubislaw granite sort cannot walk the causeway with his most nonchalant air without exciting the growl of every one of his fellows that he passes. And a fighting philosopher, by his very aspect, stirs up the combative instinct which is always lying smouldering in all men. But to be ready to fight for your opinions is no test of your sincerity, or of their depth. It is evidence of pluck, and nothing more. In philosophy we may almost say that the disposition to controversy is in an inverse ratio to depth of feeling. The innermost convictions cannot be reproduced in argumentative statement. A philosophical statement must be reasonable, but it should not be rested, like a judgment in a court of law, on reasons. We suspect all philosophy which redargues. “Odiosum me mundo reddidit logica!” was Abelard's complaint. The man who is always proving that he is right is put in the wrong by every one. To Mr. Mansel's argumentation a suspicion attaches which is more fatal still. It is not only that he argues, but that he argues with unfair weapons. In his *Bampton Lectures* he was felt to have made a declaration of war, not against a particular philosophical opinion, but against philosophy itself. It is open to any one to argue the limitation of the natural faculties, but if you push the argument to a verdict of total incompetence, it is clear that you are undermining the whole edifice, and destroying your own footing. When, in order to gain a victory over Hegel or Schelling, you hold up philosophy itself to the jeers of a half-educated auditory, it is felt that you have deserted the camp, that you are no longer within the pale of legitimate speculation, and in self-defence all minds who believe in truth of whatever sort combine against you. So a moralist may lash with any amount of severity any of the vices or follies of mankind. But if, like Swift, he directs his scorn against human nature itself, he becomes odious to all who share that nature. If a writer on philosophy sides with the outside multitude in discrediting philosophy itself, he must not be surprised that he alienates from him all minds that have any tincture of philosophy. The offence is more deadly still if the assailant has appealed, not only to popular alogism, but to popular theological prejudices; if he has promised the mob a victory over reason, not only in the name of common sense, but in that of some popular form of religionism.

In truth there is room for, or rather there is required at the present time, a reply, not a controversial one, to the metaphysical theory which Mr. Mill appears to favour. We say appears to favour, for, his criticism of Hamilton being almost exclusively destructive, the critic's positive tenets are matter only of inference. Indeed, not only on Mr. Mill's principles, but on any metaphysical theory, i.e. on any scheme of the laws of thought and matter, what we want to be shown is, How do, or how can, our conceptions rise to a knowledge of any existence beyond the objects of our senses? The existence of an immaterial principle—of a soul, or of a God—is not so much incongruous with the rest of our knowledge, as simply lying outside of it unproved, and unprovable on the reigning theories. Indeed, on Mr. Mill's principles, free-will, which seems of the essence of soul, is inconsistent with the ascertained laws of co-existence and succession according to which all phenomena whatever, those of internal consciousness no less than those of observation, are to be tested. But the question what Mr. Mill thinks about God and about religion is a minor one in comparison with the real question. What do we ourselves think, or what must we think to make our thinking compatible with what we know of natural law? The theory of intellectual intuitions, whether the old or the new, has, it seems, been given up. When we ask what theory has been substituted for the intuitional in the metaphysical schools upon which we can rationally continue our belief in immaterial existences, we can find no other but the Hamiltonian theory of nescience. Mr. Mansel proclaimed emphatically, in his *Bampton Lectures*, his inability to offer any philosophical evidence for religion. We have looked in vain in the present volume for any retraction of the extreme view, held in the *Lectures*, of the vanity of every existing speculative system of theology. We find, indeed, in a casual sentence of the *Philosophy of the Conditioned*, the statement that “man is conscious of a relation of a personal character, distinct from any suggested by the phenomena of the material world—a relation to a supreme personal Being, the object of his religious worship, and the source and judge of his moral obligations.” This seems like a

return to the intuitional theory. But whereas the intuitionists said that we have an intuition of the absolute, the uncaused cause, Mr. Mansel will only say we are “conscious of a relation.” This seems to save the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge—a doctrine of which Mr. Mansel had made such ample use in the *Lectures*, as a weapon of destruction against every system of speculative theology. He cannot now, without abandoning the whole of his former triumphs, let go this doctrine. The absolute must still remain incognisable by our faculties, the unconditioned must have no predicates determinable by us. Alongside of this we have now the statement that “we are conscious of a relation to a personal Being who is, &c.” The predicates which are denied by the doctrine of relativity are brought in by the doctrine of “consciousness of a relation to.” We do not know anything in consciousness of the absolute. We know in consciousness so much of God—namely, that he is a person, that he is the source of our moral obligations, and that he has moral qualities which, though not identical with, are analogous to, ours. To harmonise these two incompatible positions is an attempt from which Mr. Mansel ought not to shrink. The true answer to the question is to be found, he says, in the distinction, which some recent critics regard with very little favour, between reason and faith—between the power of conceiving and that of believing. Now we may be quite ready to grant that conception is of the *how*, and belief of the *that*; and that, because we cannot conceive how a thing is possible, we are not therefore incapacitated for believing that the thing exists. We cannot conceive the manner in which the unconditioned and the personal are united in the Divine nature, yet we may believe that, in some manner unknown to us, they are so united. This Mr. Mansel urges, and this we might grant. But the proof of this is not the real desideratum. The incompatibility requiring to be explained is not an incompatibility residing in the Divine nature, but one residing in Mr. Mansel's statement of the theory of belief. How can mental consciousness—call it by whatever name, reason or faith—how can it at the same time give, and not give, information as to the character and attributes of God?

Mr. Mansel may perhaps say that he *has* given the solution in his reconciliation of the doctrine of relativity with the doctrine of natural realism. Among Hamilton's many contradictions none is more glaring than this, which has been pointed out by other critics besides Mr. Mill. Sir W. Hamilton maintained that the things known by us being only known in relation to our minds, the reason, while compelled to believe in their existence, is not entitled to make any representation of them as of such or such a nature. This was Hamilton's doctrine when he was speaking of the theory of knowledge. And he himself regarded this as the characteristic doctrine of his philosophy. But also, whenever he had to lay down a doctrine of perception, Sir W. Hamilton declared himself to be what he called a natural realist. A natural realist is one who unconditionally admits the veracity of consciousness, believing that we know external things, and qualities or properties as they exist in external things. These two theories have always seemed, as they seem to Mr. Mill, incompatible, the affirmation of the one being indeed nothing more than the denial of the other. Mr. Mansel, however, daunted by no problem of logical legerdemain, undertakes to show that both these opinions may be held together by the same mind. His argument on the point is drawn out through many pages, but all is light skirmishing, off and on, with the exception of one single passage. As this solitary passage gives all the explanation which he offers of an extraordinary mental delusion, and as, when given, the explanation is so scanty and hesitating that we are not sure of the writer's meaning, we give it in his own words:—

The key to all this is not difficult to find. It is simply that objective existence does not mean existence *per se*; and that a phenomenon does not mean a mere mode of mind. Objective existence is existence as an object, in perception, and therefore in relation; and a phenomenon may be material, as well as mental. The thing *per se* may be only the unknown cause of what we directly know; but what we directly know is something more than our own sensations. In other words, the phenomenal effect is material as well as the cause, and is indeed that from which our primary conceptions of matter are derived. Matter does not cease to be matter when modified by its contact with the mind.—P. 82.

The inconsistency which Mr. Mansel has here gravely undertaken to harmonize by a metaphysical juggle is, in fact, a pure contradiction. It has been plausibly conjectured by one of the critics that Sir W. Hamilton held both the two opinions in their natural sense, and enforced both of them at different times by argument, his attention never having been called to the contradiction between them. Mr. Mansel, however, quotes, from Hamilton's edition of Reid's Works, a passage which seems to show that he had, at one time at least, a sense of the incompatibility of the two theories. We can, therefore, scarcely have recourse to forgetfulness as an explanation of Sir W. Hamilton's self-contradiction. Is it not rather possible that he derived it from Kant? In the first edition of the *Critick of Pure Reason*, Kant propounded a doctrine of pure idealism. It is well known that in his subsequent editions he introduced passages which are, or seem, inconsistent with idealism, leaving at the same time his theory of cognition unmodified. The inconsistency has never been explained. The introduced passages read like spurious interpolations, and, had they been found in the Greek text of an ancient author, would have been removed from the page by the editors, as manifestly inconsistent with the author's well-known doctrines. They are, in truth, records of the inconsistencies of thought which exist even in the greatest minds, an invaluable

evidence of the real limitation of the human faculties. The attempt to explain them away, or to show that two contradictions both mean one and the same thing, is the effort of a perverse ingenuity. It is worse than a mere waste of time and words, for it brings discredit on philosophy, exhibiting it as a mere art of sophistry, playing fast and loose with ideas. ὁ σοφιστής πείραται ἰσχυρῶς τις περὶ τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς μυστήρια.

NOS BONS VILLAGEOIS.*

ENGLISHMEN habitually complain that the art of true comedy has passed away from their country. We never had as great a master in the art as the unequalled Molière, but now, they say, there is not a rival of Sheridan, or even of lesser lights. If the grumblers can find any consolation in the fact that, wherever else the Muse of Comedy may have flown to, at least she has not taken up her abode in Paris, this consolation they will have no difficulty in finding. The critics in Paris make just the same complaint as the critics in London. The degeneracy of dramatic writers is as sorely bewailed there as it is here. And the vexation at such a state of things must in Paris be enhanced by the goodness of their actors. If we had a great comedy-writer, what company is there in London to which we might look to do him justice? But in France the companies are actually there—not bands of blockheads with one, or at most two, stars, to show what extreme blockheads the rest of them are, but whole sets of good or fair actors and actresses. In such a case the absence of men with a genius for invention proportionate to the existing talent for representation is more provoking than we can easily imagine. M. Prévost-Paradol may well complain of the admirable Lafont having to play such a part as is allotted to him in such a comedy as the last from the pen of M. Victorien Sardou. In truth, *Nos Bons Villageois* is not a comedy at all, but a mixture of farce and sentimental melodrama—a combination than which nothing in the whole dramatic order is more essentially incongruous and inartistic. For each is an extreme, and a degenerate extreme. Farce is low comedy, and melodrama is weak tragedy. Pieces made up of the two are constantly found to succeed with audiences, because the majority of an audience lacks that cultivated fineness of taste to which exaggeration is repugnant. The majority do not object to exaggeration, aesthetically at all events, however they may dislike it politically. Broad unmistakable jocosity, and super-excited feeling in the pathetic region, are both delightful to them. The most exquisite of comedians would find less favour among the rustics in a barn than a clown who could grin well through a horse-collar. Large cities do not supply audiences so low in the æsthetic scale as this, but neither do they supply audiences of the high and appreciative stamp for which the great artist may safely write his best. The occupants of the gallery and pit, and of most of the boxes too for that matter, are only removed by a few degrees from the level at which a good grin through a horse-collar would be an acceptable diversion.

One of the most telling scenes in M. Sardou's new comedy is not so very much above this humble or grotesque level. The point of the piece, comically viewed, turns mainly upon the jealousy entertained by the petty shopkeeping element of a village municipality towards the Mayor, who is a Parisian, and who does not pay them court enough. The grocer, for instance, is his bitterest enemy, because, after an unsatisfactory experiment with the village tea and sugar, the Mayor sends to Paris for his groceries. The chemist, Floupin, said to be excellently played by Arnal, hates the Mayor because, before the Parisian came, Floupin was the great man of the place, "membre influent de la fabrique, conseiller municipal, marguillier, sergent des pompiers, révant la mairie." And so on, all through the village Council. The jealousies and feuds and tricks of small consequential shopkeepers, though excellent for farce, do not make very fine material for comedy. Comedy is concerned with the foibles or vices of man, but hardly with mere local or individual vulgarities, and little sordid rogueries. When Tétillard is convicted in a friendly way by Floupin of putting sand into his sugar, or sloe-leaves into his tea, there is nothing comic about it. Paltry cheating in the way of business is a poor kind of basis for a scene of a comedy. But the surpassing poorness of the bits of incident and satire which lead up to the climax of the funny part of *Nos Bons Villageois* is real humour by the side of the climax itself. The scene between Floupin and the Mayor, though no doubt Arnal and Lafont together would make everybody laugh while the play was being performed, is really one of the sorriest burlesques of true comedy that have ever been put on a Parisian stage. Floupin brings a petition which, as he informs the Mayor, he and his brother Councillors propose to send to the Prefect. The petition prays for the removal of the Mayor, but Floupin, in spite of his conceit, becomes rather afraid of telling the Mayor what is the object of the petition which he has brought. So he goes on stammering—"Fichtre! . . . Après ça, cela dépend des tempéraments! . . . Ah! mon Dieu, il y en a qui prennent si bien la chose! On leur dit, 'Mais dites donc . . . vous savez! . . . vous?—Ah, bah! . . . —mais oui! . . . eh bien, qu'est-ce que vous voulez que j'y fasse? . . . Tandis que d'autres! Oh! Sapristi! . . .'" The Mayor vows that he'll be hanged if he can make out a word of what Floupin is driving at. And then the thin commonplace fun is resumed—"Ah! mais justement! . . . Il ne faut pas que vous

comprenez tout de suite! . . . Tandis que peu à peu, par des détours ingénieux . . . si j'en trouve . . . mais je n'en trouve pas . . . c'est inouï! . . . la pauvreté de la langue pour exprimer une chose qui court les rues." This stammering is precisely the sort of thing that would convulse the people in a barn, or—what comes to much the same—the people who throng the pit and gallery. The climax of the scene is still more plainly designed with a view to catch persons of this calibre. The Mayor grows impatient, and his face assumes an unpleasant shade of resoluteness. He takes the petition and runs his eye over it. "Come, M. Floupin," he says, "we must have your signature too," and, grasping a whip significantly, makes Floupin sit down. He then bids him write a postscript, which the Mayor dictates:—"Tous les signataires de cette pétition, membres du conseil municipal de Bouzy-le-Têt—sont des polissons." Floupin, "intimidé," as the stage direction tells us, "par le jeu inquiétant de la canne," feels himself constrained to write as he is bid. Can anything be poorer or thinner than this? The whole is coarse and rough and exaggerated, and at bottom essentially common-place. There is no light play of fancy in it, no pleasant satire, no subtle humour, nor indeed anything except the coarse extravagant picture of the Mayor standing with his whip over a conceited and self-sufficient snob, and making him write down that he and his friends are a pack of rascals. Good acting may, as we have said, make such a scene funny and laughable on the stage; but M. Sardou aspires to be, and in some of his pieces perhaps is, a writer of comedy, not of farce, a producer of works of art, and no acting in the world will make this scene anything but stupid and extravagant. A famous bit in *La Famille Benoiton* was perhaps not much less broad and farcical, but it had at all events the merit of possessing a certain originality—the scene, we mean, in which Prudent counts up in the very face of his intended father-in-law the probable duration of his life, the amount of money which will accrue to his daughter at his death, and then the probable duration of his own father's life. This was an overdrawn satire of the mercenary nature of Young France, but there was a certain humour and freshness in the notion. The little boy's acuteness in the postage-stamp transactions was equally funny in the same way, and was just as fresh and vivacious. But there is no real vivacity or flavour about the Mayor armed with his whip, or the alarmed Floupin writing himself down a rascal.

The sentimental part of the play is quite in keeping with its comic part. A young Parisian is in love with the wife of the unbefooled Mayor. He had fallen in with her and her younger sister at a watering-place, and, discovering that they live in the village of Bouzy-le-Têt, persuades his father to take a house there. But the married lady, in accordance with the new fashion of French comedy, although she has previously shown herself not unwilling to dally with him, has no intention to let things go to extremes. The younger sister meanwhile has fallen in love with him instead, and he professes a passion for her as a pretext for gaining access to the wife of the Mayor. There is not much of a dramatic complication here, and such as there is does not appear of a good or promising kind. We get two or three dialogues of a very stereotyped character. First, Pauline tells Henri that she wishes to have no more to do with him, and begs him to return certain letters. Then Geneviève overtakes him, and we have a lovers' dialogue of the regulation pattern. After the comic business of the Mayor's cane there is another lovers' dialogue, more highly pitched, and not without tears this time—a scene calculated to delight the pit, but in other respects extremely commonplace and insignificant. The dénouement of all this is unmistakable. We know very well that the malicious villagers will find Henri roaming in the park, and, on the fact being maliciously made known to the Mayor, that he will suspect his wife, and that there will be another regulation scene between the too credulous lord and his injured wife. Of course, all this duly comes to pass. Who has not heard the cheers which, in a Parisian theatre, greet an actor who plays with pathos the part of the injured husband? "It is my fault," says the Mayor, "puisque à l'âge où l'on ne peut guère inspirer l'amour, j'ai commis l'impardonnable faute d'unir votre vie à la mienne; moi presque un vieillard à vous qui pourriez être ma fille: mais je vous aimais éperdument, et je n'ai pas compris que c'est avec ces amours-là que l'on se fait haïr à mon âge." And so forth. The critical portion of the Parisian public is sick to death of this particular situation, and of the various terms and phrases in which it is set forth. Domestic melodrama is again and again foisted upon them under the name of comedy. The scream in which Henri tries to persuade the husband of the lady's innocence is meant for exalted passion, but, whatever might be done by a very polished player upon the stage, it remains a mere scream to anybody who reads it in the closet. Henri, "désespéré," only wearies us by his crying in all sorts of keys, "Mais que faut-il donc attester? Quel ciel, quel dieu, quel serment?" The husband, meanwhile, is cold, polite, and resolute, as is the invariable manner on these occasions, and they at last agree to fight. Of course the theatre-god comes down to prevent anything uncomfortable, for the gallery never tolerates a gloomy termination. We have had the regular melodramatic scene between husband and wife, and between the husband and his supposed enemy; and finally, we have the usual business of the aged parent, who, having heard a pistol-shot, rushes on to the stage wildly, shrieking "Où est mon fils?" in a way that would charm any gallery in London.

Nos Bons Villageois is particularly well worth reading by those

* *Nos Bons Villageois*. Comédie en cinq Actes. Par Victorien Sardou. Paris: Michel Lévy, 1867.

too fastidious critics who love to disparage English taste, or absence of taste, for the finer qualities of dramatic and other kinds of creation. M. Victorien Sardou is eminently popular in Paris, and is accused of sacrificing his powers and skill for the sake of increasing this popularity. The means by which he thinks it easiest and safest to reach his end may be seen in his latest comedy. The too fastidious ones may concede that *Nos Bons Villageois*, which is written to please a Parisian audience, is as forced and artificial, as loud and coarse, as if it had been written for an audience in our much-abused London.

PRIMEVAL ANTIQUITIES IN THE DEKHAN.*

THE habits of military life naturally tend to make military men among the keenest and most accurate of observers; but it is only in exceptional cases that their power of observation is likely to be backed up with any large amount of logic or scholarship. The perfect antiquary is of course the man who is great in both lines, skilful alike in the out-door and the in-door branches of his calling. But a man may do good service by practising either of the two, if not wholly to the exclusion of the other, yet at any rate making one his own immediate business, and for the other relying on others to help him. If a man has never seen a cromlech at all, it will be hardly safe for him to theorize about cromlechs; but a man who has seen cromlechs in Northumberland may make very good use of another man's observations on cromlechs in the Dekhan without going bodily to the Dekhan to look at them. To ask a man, whether in the Dekhan or in Northumberland, to look at cromlechs, to measure them, to examine their contents, without putting together some theory or other, would be asking too much of human nature. But it is certain that a theory which is likely to be worth having cannot be put together offhand anywhere. The results of observations in the open air, and the results of research in the library, must be brought to bear upon one another before any sound judgment can ever be got at in these matters.

Captain Meadows Taylor, in the paper before us—reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy—shows himself to be a zealous and, we doubt not, an accurate observer, who has come across some important facts in primeval archaeology, and who has noted every detail about them with the keen eye of his profession. So far he deserves the best thanks of primeval students. His facts will be highly valuable to the Danish antiquaries for one line of investigation, and to Mr. E. B. Tylor for another. But Captain Taylor's title-page alone is enough to make a scientific inquirer gasp. "The monuments in the Dekhan" are "Celtic, Druidical, or Scythian." Truly this is leaping to a conclusion, or rather leaping to two or three contradictory conclusions at once. Can a thing be at once Celtic and Scythian? Of course some people use the word Scythian in so vague a sense that almost anything may be safely said to be Scythian. But if the word Scythian has a definite meaning, if we understand by it the Scythians of Herodotus, what right has Captain Taylor to assume that Celts are Scythians or that Scythians are Celts? Either doctrine is, to say the least, a novel one, and should be proved instead of being taken for granted. Then, as for "Druidical," one can hardly write the word without fear and trembling; the Druid suggests his kinsfolk the Bard and the Ovate; we get a distant view of a whole Eisteddfod of them, jumbled up with a confused vision of misletoe and golden sickles, of Triads and prophecies of Merlin, of Mr. John Williams ab Ithel guiding Conradin and Charles of Anjou to fight out their differences on "the plain of Poland," and causing the mysterious "Pasetra" to keep the Pope's Legate prisoner in the Tower of London. Still the word Druid, like other words, has a meaning. As defined by Caesar, it means the priesthood of certain Celtic nations. If you affirm a thing to be Druidical, it is needless tautology to add that it is Celtic, while, as it seems to us, it is a contradiction in terms to add that it is Scythian. When Captain Taylor talks of "establishing the identity of the great Aryan Nomadic tribes of the East Celts or Scythians, being Druids, with those of the West," we are as unable to understand his meaning as we are to construe his English. And we are fairly baffled when Captain Taylor, after, as we thought, trying to prove the identity of the cairns in the Dekhan and the cairns in Northumberland, tells us that "there can be no reasonable doubt that these remains"—namely, the Northumbrian cairns—"are the graves of some race, which I suppose to be anterior to the Celts." Very possibly they are; the Scandinavian antiquaries would certainly say that they are; some people who are not very careful in their use of terms might perhaps call this ante-Celtic race Scythian; but how things can be at once "Celtic-Druidical," Scythian, and "anterior to the Celts" is quite beyond us. Captain Taylor was certainly not meant by nature to theorize; it is equally clear that he was meant to observe. He has examined and described a large collection of early monuments which are in the highest degree worthy of the attention of comparative antiquaries.

The antiquities examined by Captain Taylor lie mainly in the district of Shorapoor. Most English readers will be thankful for the information that Shorapoor is "an independent native State, situated between the Bheema and Krishna rivers, imme-

diately above their junction." The primeval wealth of the country seems to be beyond anything that one could have conceived. There are several vast groups of cromlechs, cairns, standing-stones, and so forth, which would seem to surpass in extent anything of the kind to be found either in Britain or in Scandinavia. In looking at Captain Taylor's engravings, we are at once struck with several points both of likeness and unlikeness which they present to remains of the same kind in Europe. We do not quite catch the distinction, as drawn by Captain Taylor, between cromlechs and kistvaens, as his use of those terms respectively does not seem to be exactly that with which we are familiar. His illustrations set before us a great number of monuments of essentially the same type as the European cromlechs, but wrought with far more care. Like them, they are made of vast stones; but the stones are of a much more regular shape, and are put together with far more exactness, than any monuments of the kind which we know of in Europe. We gather from Captain Taylor's expressions that these slabs have been "quarried," which at once distinguishes them from European cromlechs formed of irregular stones whose shape is owing wholly to the hand of nature. "It is difficult, however," says Captain Taylor, "to conceive how those large slabs of stone were quarried—for the rock is very hard—or transported to their present locality." The difficulty of piling up, and often that of transport, is common to all monuments of the kind; but the great difficulty of quarrying is something which seems peculiar to these Indian remains. But this superiority of workmanship is closely connected with another question. Were these cromlechs ever covered over with stones or earth? Those in Europe undoubtedly were so; a cromlech, as we now see it, with the great stones all exposed, is simply a ruin. But the monuments engraved by Captain Taylor look very much as if they were perfect, and he does not speak of any signs at all implying that they ever were covered. It is quite possible that, while the rude cromlechs of Europe, where the irregular stones never quite fitted together, needed a covering, if only to fill up their interstices, these more regular structures, which are distinctly works of building, and almost of architecture, could stand alone, and of themselves provided sufficient defence and concealment for their contents. Each of the cromlechs engraved seems to have a round hole bored in one side, of which one would like to know the meaning. Some are open at one end, surely by the removal of one of the original slabs. Of the contents of these great cromlechs at Rajahkollor Captain Taylor speaks as follows:—

In order to ascertain the nature of these remains, and their contents, I had several opened—large and small, closed and otherwise. The interior of the closed cists contained a little black mould on the surface, a few inches thick; below this, the earth was greyish-white, known to the people of the Dekhan as "Pandrè-Mutti," a substance which has an antiseptic quality, and had evidently been brought from another locality, as it did not exist on the spot. With this earth, human ashes and portions of bones and charcoal were mixed; and pieces of broken pottery, red and black, also appeared. These remains rested upon the solid rock, upon which the cists had been constructed.

No entire urns, or spear or arrow heads, knives, or other remains, were found in any of these kistvaens or cromlechs; nor was there any difference in the contents of any of them. Grey earth, mixed with portions of bones, human ashes run into a rough slag with sand, and small pieces of charcoal, were in all; and the inference was, that the ashes of burnt human bodies had been placed there, and perhaps originally in urns; but why they should all have been found broken was not intelligible, as there was no appearance of disturbance of the monuments.

"In none of the open cromlechs," he further tells us, "could anything be found." Was it likely that anything should?

The contents of some of the cairns which contain cists are more interesting. What they are chiefly remarkable for is the frequent—one might, it would seem, almost say constant—appearance of skeletons without skulls, and of skulls detached from the skeletons. Captain Taylor speaks of "skeletons without skulls lying in all directions; of skulls without skeletons; of a very remarkable instance of a skull being found, inside a perfect cist, placed upright between two skeletons; of a skeleton found lying transversely across the cover of a cist, without a skull, which had been placed upon its middle." On the other hand, the same cairns contain other skeletons lying in the cists with the skulls in the right places. Captain Taylor's inference—a plausible one, to say the least—is that each of these cairns was the grave of some chief, at whose funeral human victims were sacrificed, the victims being put to death by beheading. He compares "the description of Herodotus, quoted by Rollin"—was not even Professor Rawlinson accessible?—of the funerals of the Scythian Kings, at which divers persons, including their concubines, were slaughtered and buried in the same cairn with them. The comparison is most apt; but it is of course hasty to assume an identity of race because of the identity of custom. But these apparently sacrificial cairns are not universal. There is another class which, instead of skeletons, present urns and cists containing ashes and calcined bones. There is thus evidence of the presence, whether contemporary or consecutive, of two races or sects, one of which burned their dead, while the others buried them. The other equally venerable practices of eating one's parents and of letting the fowls of the air eat them cannot, in the nature of things, leave the same palpable traces behind them.

It is clear that these cairns and cromlechs were raised by a people considerably more advanced in the arts than those who raised the cromlechs of Europe. The European cromlech-builders had not got beyond the age of stone, while those of the Dekhan had reached the age of iron. We have already remarked their

* Descriptions of Cairns, Cromlechs, Kistvaens, and other Celtic, Druidical, or Scythian Monuments in the Dekhan. To which are added Results of Examination of a Group of Ancient Cairns on Twizell Moor in Northumberland, exhibiting similarity in construction and contents with Cairns in the Dekhan. By Capt. Meadows Taylor. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1865.

great superiority in constructive skill; in perfect agreement with this, iron weapons and utensils of iron of various kinds have been found.

There are other points of interest in Captain Taylor's description. We have picked out those which struck us as of most importance in a general view of primeval antiquities. Captain Taylor has brought to light some facts which are likely to prove of high importance in the hands of those who take a wide and scientific view of the subject. We commend his discoveries to all who are attracted by the fascination—for such it really is—of these prehistoric studies. But we must decline to pledge ourselves to any theories, Celtic, Druidical, or Scythian.

LA BRUYÈRE.*

THERE is no class of writers of whom mankind, as a rule, know so little as of those who treat the knowledge of mankind as the main pursuit of life. While piercing the characters and chronicling the actions of all the world without themselves, it seems to be the habit of moralists almost universally to keep themselves outside the pale of the world. To detect and lay bare the secrets of every soul but their own, to lead an existence at once of publicity and secrecy, to make everything their own without parting with aught that is proper to themselves, to walk through the busy babbling throng in silence and behind a mask, to make everybody talk without uttering a syllable in return—such appears to be the habit of this class of speculators, such their great method of observation. Does this mental gait of theirs come to them by instinct, or of set purpose? It were perhaps difficult to say. What is certain is that the observer of mankind is by nature silent and reserved, and that prudence too may have something to do with the matter. He who has everything to gain from being a good listener must know, in fact, what is the cost of letting one's self be heard; and, knowing this, he will be ever on his guard. What would the world have known of Rochefoucauld, had not love and war launched him into public life, and forced him, so to say, to explain himself in his *Memoirs*; not, indeed, as regarded himself—he was too cautious for that—but as regarded one of the parts in which he figured? Had not Molière, in his character of a playwright, been pushed before the curtain, and made himself perforce the butt of anecdotes and gossip, what should we have known of his character and career? Not a single letter of Molière has come down to our times. We have perhaps a still more striking example of this rule of reticence in La Bruyère. And, closely as he is akin to Molière as a writer upon manners, an observer of men, and a humourist of a serious vein, there is perhaps the less to wonder at in the fact of the author of the *Caractères* resembling the comic dramatist in his discretion as a talker and his silence as a correspondent. No more than two undisputed letters from the pen of La Bruyère have hitherto been made public, and these are but of trifling value as tokens of the mind or character of the man. The facts which may be relied on concerning his life are few and indecisive, and several of the statements concerning him which have been generally received have latterly been shown to be inaccurate. The very place and date of his birth have been till now all but universally misstated. It has been commonly believed that La Bruyère was born at an obscure village near Dourdan. No matter that the *Caractères* betrayed their author to be Parisian from head to foot; no matter that his family, an old nest of Leaguers, was known never to have loosened its roots from the soil of the city since the time of Henri IV.; or that the discovery had been made of a small estate belonging to the family at Sceaux—a very likely property for a Parisian family to possess, but unlikely enough for residents at Dourdan. No biography would admit a doubt of La Bruyère's being a petty squire of Hurepoix. It is to an obliging antiquary, M. Jal, that we owe the discovery of the entry of baptism which satisfactorily shows that "Jehan, fils de noble homme Loys de la Brière (sic), contrôleur des rentes de la ville de Paris et de demoiselle Isabelle Hamouyn, ses père et mère," was baptized at the church of St. Christophe, at Paris, on Thursday, August 17, 1645. He was no doubt born a day or so before. His contemporaries thought him older than he was—an error which his weak health tended to confirm. Most of his biographers make him seven years too old. A new edition of the *Caractères* being lately in preparation by M. G. Mancel, a bookseller of Caen, M. Jal was induced to yield up this interesting piece of information, and Paris is thus restored to the possession of one great celebrity the more. The little church, of St. Christophe lay in the city, under the shade of the towers of Notre Dame. Parisian, *par sang*, the family of La Bruyère had for generations shown signs of the old League leaven which had been quieted since the times of Marcel and Caboché. Some of its members had been driven into exile in the Low Countries and Spain. In the house of one of them at Naples it was said Ravaillac was received, and had the regicide's dagger put into his hand. The father of our subject, Louis de La Bruyère, is known to have had four children, three sons and a daughter. On the death of Jean, his property was divided among the three minor children of his brother Louis, who died before him. The death of a grand niece, Catherine Annette de la Bruyère, is traced at Passy, August 16, 1803, shortly after her marriage with a quack doctor of some celebrity, named Lambert. Nothing more has been recorded concerning the family.

As regards the writer himself, not much more has rewarded the pains of his most indefatigable biographers. M. Edouard Fournier, the most recent of them, besides putting together these scanty but welcome particulars, has done good service by the searching study which he has bestowed upon the compositions of La Bruyère. Going through the *Caractères* line by line, with the aid of the new light thrown upon them by the birth and parentage of the writer, he has made them tell their own tale. In many a Court allusion, unintelligible or insignificant before, he has found incidents of personal history. These traits of individual character he has been able to supplement by notices culled from the memoirs or letters of contemporaries. And thanks to the different "keys," more or less correct, which enable us to identify the subjects of the *Caractères* where the graphic touches of the master left the original of this or that portrait in any doubt, we have it in our power to reconstruct almost entire that group of wits, gallants, courtiers, and other celebrities whom La Bruyère delighted in sketching from the life. The Hôtel de Condé rises before us, with its grander personages and its meaner hangers-on, its scandals and intrigues, its suppers, and its tournaments of gallantry and wit. Proud of his origin, La Bruyère never forgot, in the presence of the titled noblesse, the dignity of the strong middle-class. "Il est peuple et il s'en vante." The hot League blood is felt to stir within him when he speaks so loftily, amidst his studious poverty, of "people who might be noble had they the means." Orthodox in faith, and moral, perhaps cold in temperament, he is not of the number of those who flatter the infidelity of the age by their scepticism, or its license by their laxity of tongue. In his capacity of teacher of history to the grandson of the Great Condé, which office he held from the year 1676, when the boy was seven years old, he showed himself faithful to his trust. A courtier in the strict sense of the word he never became, any more than did Bossuet, in whom Madame de Maintenon found fault with the absence of "l'esprit de la cour," while La Bruyère congratulated him upon it. To taste the air of Versailles and Marly, he would say, is to know it to be unwholesome, and fly from it like the plague. An "honest man" was his perpetual ideal, and with La Bruyère "honnêteté" was distinct in essence from "politesse." At Court, he said, politeness takes the place of wit. Having himself no need of this substitute, he could dispense with polish; that is, he could be frank to the extent of being called rough. A certain briskness of gait and speech, which was styled *soldatesque* by Maurepas, combined with an habitual neglect of the arts of the toilette to stamp him with the character of rudeness. His keen and polished wit at the same time redeemed both plainness of physiognomy and bluntness of address, as even the cynical Court songsters could not but testify. "Malgré sa laideur, les dames le courent." He had indeed enough in him to exhibit many sides of character, and to suit his mood to the occasion. Thus we can explain the contradictory impressions which he conveyed to his contemporaries. To believe the Abbé d'Olivet, he displayed a discretion amounting almost to modesty, it being his manner, according to the historian of the Academy, to be "cautious in speech, shrinking from all kinds of ambition, even that of showing intellect or wit." Boileau, on the other hand, makes it the fault of La Bruyère that he put forth that very sort of intellectual pretension for which the Abbé tells us he had a horror. The fact is that the "mitigated Montaigne," as he is termed by Marais, "l'homme ondoyant et divers" of the *Essais*, could be by turns silent or talkative as occasion required—serious and almost sad when he disdained to be gay, but lively and unrestrained, "de très-bonne compagnie," as St. Simon found him, when it suited his humour. He could thus justify the saying of the Abbé Fleury, that his book of many characters is but the expression of his own single self.

La Bruyère was brought up at the Oratory, then the refuge of what remained of the League, and more free in spirit than the rival Society of Jesus. Among the Jesuits Latin was alone in vogue, while the Oratorians, like Port-Royal, added the study of Greek, and blended with Catholic ardour not a little of that liberal and philosophical spirit of which the Jesuit school had so much dread. Corneille, a pupil of the Jesuits, knew little Greek, and Bossuet only learned it after escaping from their hands; while of Racine, who was at Port-Royal, and of Dacier and La Bruyère, who were at the Directory, it might be said, in the slang of the time, "Il sait le grec, c'est un grimaud, c'est un philosophe." It was to the study of the historians that La Bruyère directed his talents. To read Thucydides, Strabo, and Polybius in the originals was his delight. Descartes was his master in philosophy. Another favourite pursuit with him was the law. To judge from the warm sympathy his book displays for the legal profession, joined to his own uniform description of himself, in documents relating to his official duties in the archives of Caen and Rouen, as "avocat au Parlement," he must have been called to the Bar. The researches of M. Fournier have established the fact of his having taken the degree of "Licencié en droit" at the University of Orleans, in June, 1664. He was then nineteen years of age. On November, 1673, he obtained—thanks, most probably, to the good offices of Bossuet—the post of Treasurer of France for the Department of Caen, which brought him in 2,500 livres a year. The office being a sinecure, it was only by a compromise with his conscience that La Bruyère could reconcile himself to the acceptance of it. Ill paid as he was, and as he continued to be, for his services about the Court, he might not unfairly claim to set off the pay he failed to earn on the one hand against his unpaid labour on the other. A compensation of a different kind might have weighed more in the

* La Comédie de J. de La Bruyère. Par Édouard Fournier. Paris: Dentu. 1866.

estimation of more ordinary men. The post carried with it the patent of nobility. He could thenceforth write himself "M. de La Bruyère, Chevalier, and one of the Gentlemen of His Majesty the King." But the blazon of rank was of the class of things on which the mind of the philosopher dwelt with a humorous, if not cynical, indifference. As his biographer points out, he got the start of any rivalry that his new rank might provoke by the mock gravity of a pretended pedigree from a crusader in the train of Godfrey of Bouillon. A more solid evidence of his contempt for hollow or unbought privileges was given when he threw up his office, with all its emoluments, in the year 1785. It was a year or so before his cherished *Caractères* were destined to see the light. And holding up to scorn, as he had done, the abuse of sinecures in the case of sundry prominent officials, he could do no less in order to extricate himself from his own satire. He felt he could then write freely. The taste for sketches of individual character under fictitious names had grown up with him, fostered, if not suggested, by his studies of Theophrastus and of the mimes of Publius Syrus. Upon these antique types he learned to model his portraits of men of the day, as he framed his concise and pointed style upon that of the early writers of France. The whole spirit, not to say the actual framework, of his book became such as to be appropriately termed by M. Fournier a "comedy." In it every man of note walked and talked as he did upon the stage of real life, altered in nothing but the name. The great charm of the work lay in its holding up the mirror to nature, so that no eye—save in one or two instances, that of the actor himself—could help seeing the likeness. Ménage, that lump of conceit, after calling on La Bruyère in the hope of drawing him out, and thinking him a poor talker, but in fact simply turning himself inside out to the quiet gaze of his listener, was the only man who never guessed the original of the character of the "Pedant." "I like the book," he would say, "but I should like to see my own portrait in it." Another bore, the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, who thrust himself upon the sage in his quiet garret for the like purpose of pumping, met with a similar fate under the caricature of "Mopsus." The first edition of the *Caractères* appeared in 1687. Within a year there already appeared a third edition, enriched with some hundreds more of these speaking silhouettes of contemporary life. The book was caught up with the same wild avidity as the *Grand Cyrus* of Madlle. de Scudéry had been a generation before, and for the same reason. Each one dreaded or hoped, as the case might be, to find himself or herself, in all but the name, trotted out before all Paris and Versailles.

Equally numerous, naturally enough, were the "keys" which pretended to open the secret of identity for the use of the uninitiated. Ridiculous mistakes sometimes crept into these lists. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, for instance, most inappropriately crept into the place of the fussy Prince of "Meckelbourg," as "l'homme affairé." In answer to "Qu'est ce qu'une femme qu'on dirige?" the key-makers, instead of the devout Madame La Duchesse, contrived to foist in "Madame La Duchesse," the fact being that the wife of M. le Duc was anything but a devotee in the hands of a director. The *spirituelle* Madame de Boislandry was delicately veiled as "Arthénice," the anagram of her name Catherine. A female name, "Iphis," was just the thing for a fop; and an idyllic title, "Théognis," not a bad one by way of contrast for another effeminate coxcomb. More cruel was the name of "Theophilus" given to Roquette, the time-serving and worldly Bishop of Autun; while there was a more gentle irony in stamping as "Pamphilus" the universal flatterer and toady Dangeau. Bontemps, the Court valet, could be no other than "Mercury." Under the name of "Théogène" was veiled a delicate recognition of the graceful promise of one of the young princes of the House of Condé, the Duc de Chartres, destined as he was, before the sixth edition modified these praises, to fall from the hands of the prudent Laurent into those of the vicious Dubois. The mask was in many instances only a transparent one. An initial letter or guiding syllable helped to the secret. Thus the bountiful millionaire Terrat became "Téramène"; Herbelot, the Orientalist, "Hermagoras"; and the Abbé Chauvieu, "Catullus." In designating the wife of a rich contractor "Arfure," a malicious turn was given to the name by the last syllable, "*fur*." There is real historical point in going to the records of the Second Empire, to the age of decaying Emperors and sovereign princesses, for a name appropriate to Madame de Montespan. He called her "Irène." And in that name, borrowed from the Byzantine Court, there lay not so much a pseudonym as a whole character. It is a pity that La Bruyère and Madame de Sévigné were never, as it appears, thrown together. Their spheres were to a great extent different. Hers was the *monde* of the Marais and the Faubourg Saint-Germain; his that of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, the new quarter of wealth, the Rue des Petits Champs, and the Rue de Richelieu. She knew best the Court of Versailles; he that of Chantilly. Hence we get from each a separate phase of society, the two embracing together all that was best in the French world of their time. The horizon of the Characters did not indeed extend beyond that of France. But the influence of La Bruyère has been felt in the literature of other lands. Alluding to the ingenious workman who, to amuse Louis XIV. when a child, harnessed a flea to a golden cannon, he speaks of one cleverer still who exhibited four of those insects clad in armour and with helmets on their heads, who skipped about and fought inside a glass bottle. What more, La Bruyère goes on to ask, to the eyes of a giant is man in his battles on his grain of sand than the poor flea at the bottom of his phial? Here, it has been often remarked, is in germ the

whole idea of Gulliver and Lilliput. It is otherwise certain that Swift was acquainted with La Bruyère. Pope did not disdain to draw from him; and Steele devoted to an extract from him a whole paper in the *Tadler*.

No one who knows La Bruyère is ignorant of that consummate act of generosity which forms in itself a key to his character—his spontaneous surrender of the entire profits of his work to the daughter of his publisher, Michallet. One of the new points of interest for which the work of M. Fournier may claim credit is the name of the husband who, with the hand of "la petite" Michallet, came thus into possession of a handsome dowry of between two and three hundred thousand francs. The fortunate man was M. Charles Remy de Juli, or Juilly, fermier-général in 1721, spoken of by many as a rare instance of an upright and honourable official. Besides the seven editions published in his lifetime, the author had intended to enrich his *protégée* with the profits of the eighth, accompanied by additions of his own; adding to it the famous Discourse which caused so sharp a controversy on the occasion of his reception as an Academician on June the 15th, 1693. His sudden death on May the 9th, 1696, by paralysis, not without the absurd suspicion of poison, prevented the appearance of the supplemental matter intended. The copy thus interleaved and annotated by the author, but kept back by his heirs, was for a long time missing, but we are glad to find that there are traces of its being still in existence. It is not less pleasing to hear that, beside sundry autograph letters of La Bruyère said to exist in the hands of collectors in this country, there are no fewer than seventeen thoroughly authenticated ones in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale, from the archives of the House of Condé. These, M. Fournier reports, will shortly be published. In the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg there is, we are told, a MS. in verse with the title *Diendade, ou Caractères satyriques de la Cour de Louis XIV. attribués à La Bruyère*. How far this collection, in a style of composition not otherwise known to have been practised by La Bruyère, may be looked upon as authentic, we have not the means of judging. There is more authority for crediting him with seven out of the nine dialogues against Quietism given forth by Bossuet. These were found among the papers of the deceased, and the Abbé d'Olivet was told by a friend that he had heard them read by La Bruyère as his own composition. The remaining two, if not his, may have been due in whole or in part to his friend, Dr. Elie Dupin. Everything becomes of value which promises to extend our knowledge of one of the most able and original of French writers.

LETTERS FROM HELL.*

THE author of this ingenious work informs us, in a very solemn preface, that if any one entertains any doubt of the authenticity of these letters it will be the worse for the doubter. He adds that he hesitated for a long time before publishing them. "The assurance that they might prove the salvation of many, and the perdition of a few, did not satisfy me. The case of these latter lay heavily on my mind." The book, as it will be seen, is therefore not a mere novel, but is intended to effect the collateral purpose of frightening a great many people into salvation. Of its success in this direction it is scarcely our province to form any opinion; and we are the more careful to avoid a rash excursion beyond our proper sphere, as we find that hell is peopled to a great extent by reviewers; for reviewers, we are told, "are sarcastic, greedy, and sordid to a degree." Not only are there in hell "a goodly number of professional reviewers," but even the damned avoid them as if they were mad dogs, "for they are as snappish as ever, and form one of the worst plagues in hell." Moreover, all the malicious reviews are read by the damned as soon as they appear on earth. We have no desire for such an extension of our circulation, and will confine ourselves to the mere literary merits of the work. We shall thus be free, at any rate, from the crime of sneering at the author's good intentions; and we need not solve the difficult problem, whether a study of elaborate pictures of all the tortures which the human mind can conceive forms, on the whole, a healthy religious exercise.

We may say at once that the book, considered merely as a work of art, is rather better than the ordinary run of second-rate novels. There is indeed no proof of much imaginative force, and still less is there much power of the grotesque, although that power is almost a necessary relief to the painful impression made by a constant dwelling upon horrors. Some sort of grim humour is desirable as a contrast to the prevailing gloom, and to show that the pictures presented to us are to be taken rather symbolically than literally. What there is of the grotesque is an involuntary result of the attempt to produce a lifelike effect by prosaic details. Thus the letters are supposed to be conveyed from the writer to the receiver by the agency of ghosts, some of them "very estimable ghosts." One night the receiver happens to lay his pen aside so as to form a cross with his pencil. The ghost is so much startled at this symbol that "he dropped the letter in the spittoon and fled away." It will be seen from this that the author's conception of hell includes a very strong resemblance to our own world. This is, in fact, the main principle of the book; and the ghastly mimicry of human occupations and passions is described with some literary force. The hell of the letters is by no means the hell of Dante—a place of infinitely varying physical tortures. It is rather an expansion of the admirably

* *Letters from Hell.* By M. Rowel. London: Richard Bentley. 1866.

described scene in *Redgauntlet*, where the adventurous piper finds Claverhouse and his companions employed over a diabolical repetition of their earthly revels. Human nature, the author oddly remarks, is much the same everywhere—even in hell. The letters are pretty much after the manner of those of a newspaper correspondent, except that a large part of them is naturally devoted to personal reminiscences; they include accounts of excursions to different parts of hell, of conversations with many distinguished characters, and remarks as to the way in which business is transacted there. Thus we find that there is a great deal of society, sometimes of an exclusive kind; but all the mirth is unreal; "that person is not to be found in hell who can give utterance to a really refreshing, amusing witticism." There is a public promenade, where people are to be seen dressed in the fashion of every country and century; but all the dandies know that they are as ridiculous as the rivals at whom they are compelled to scoff, and that, gorgeous as their dresses may be, they do not really hide their nakedness; for, in hell, "nakedness is the universal law." There are beggars in hell; the most troublesome are the missionaries, who have made false reports of their successes, baptizing without being particular as to conversion, and who still go about "beseeching people in the most importunate way to be baptized." There are balls and social gatherings of all sorts, where every one talks scandal of the worst kinds about his neighbours, and is irresistibly impelled to talk equal scandal about himself. There are churches in hell, which are thronged with worshippers, who, when they try to sing hymns, break out into lewd and blasphemous songs, and where the preacher makes hideous grimaces, and pours out a flood of abominable balderdash. There are towns and palaces and theatres, for whenever a number of spirits unite to desire anything, their wish is at once accomplished; the result, however, is a mere phantasm, and is incapable of giving real pleasure. Soldiers can still carry on imaginary wars, and sensualists seek for illusory gratifications; in short, the chief horror of hell is that every one is doomed to act in accordance with his old propensities, but finds that they never give him more than a shadowy image of pleasure. A short conversation with one ghost brings out the continuity of worldly associations. The writer sits down beside a young lady of admirable beauty and modesty, dressed all in white, and asks her, "Are you the White Lady?" "I don't know what you mean," she replies. "I am Emily Fleming." "Fleming and Sparkman, Glasgow, Trentbury Square? I blurted out." The ghost nodded her head in assent, and proceeded to tell a story which, but for her peculiar situation, we should have been tempted to describe as a wilful fabrication.

There is one obvious difficulty in the way of working out this conception. It is of course necessary to represent the damned as suffering from the continuance of their old evil desires, which they have become incapable of even attempting to resist. A sort of impotent recollection of attempts to repent is all that remains. The writer, for example, endeavours to say the Lord's Prayer, but after trying it twenty or a hundred times, he only gets through the first two words, and then tries to say it backwards with equally ill success. Hence, to be consistent, it would seem that he should express sentiments of a kind befitting his position. He should glory in his wickedness, and only regret that he is no longer able to find satisfaction in it. Instead of this, we find this lost soul constantly expressing sentiments which would be creditable in any position of life. Perhaps they may be suspected as being rather too unctuous in tone. The overflowing of love to all mankind, the absence of any repining against the justice of his punishment, and the desire to draw useful morals from every point of the story, are exhibited with an eagerness calculated to throw doubt upon their sincerity. His tone rather unpleasantly reminds us of the convicts who are trying to get on the weak side of the chaplain. The interstices of descriptions of life in hell are filled with such matter as this:—"It is still vouchsafed you, late though it be, to begin a new life. But delay not to enter upon that blessed road which leads from star to star into the Kingdom of Glory. Oh, only do not delay!" And there are many other remarks of a still more decidedly religious character. From this we must infer that one of the incidental occupations of persons in the unfortunate position of the letter-writer is to produce raw materials for tracts. We do not argue as to the intrinsic probability of such an hypothesis; but its dramatic propriety seems, to say the least of it, to be doubtful. An evil spirit whose chief punishment it is that, although unable to gratify his earthly passions, he is constantly possessed by them without the capacity for resistance, should not be constantly overwhelming us with pious advice. It tends to convince us that the section of society to which he belongs is by no means wanting in persons of very excellent character, though in a very uncomfortable position. To be just, indeed, we must confess that the author seems to accept this conclusion. He takes great pains to tell us that not only is hell paved with good intentions, but that it is actually filled by a large number of persons distinguished by exemplary qualities. There is, he says, a general opinion that a man must be exceedingly wicked to find himself in hell; but it is really inconceivable how little can send a person there. He meets, for example, a young woman, whose worst fault is "an excessive devotion to her husband." She is punished by his arrival at the same destination with his heart occupied by another passion. One of the sins for which the author himself is punished is that he had been merciful to a certain evildoer, not from pure

mercy, but from the feeling that he had previously been too severe. "Oh! these good deeds," he exclaims, "how many have they brought into misery?" Another "noble-hearted" artist, who had died in defence of his country, is damned because he had been too much disposed to make an idol of his profession. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear that, as most persons die unawares, "most of them awaken in hell." Of the theological value of this opinion, we can of course say nothing; but, artistically, it weakens the effect, for a reason like that which interferes with the dramatic propriety of *Paradise Lost*. We begin, in fact, to feel our sympathies enlisted on the wrong side. It is true that there are a great many murderers and other evildoers encountered by the author, some of whose crimes are recounted at considerable length. We are introduced, amongst other historical characters, to Pontius Pilate, who is always endeavouring to cleanse his hands from the stains of blood; to Judas Iscariot, who tries incessantly to get behind other ghosts and hang round their necks, his intention in which, we are told, "is not quite clear"; to Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, and to Mahomet, who is rather unfairly classed with so contemptible an impostor; and to a Spanish king, who gives out a notice that he will "allow himself to be burned alive, after having most graciously submitted to trial by torture *in extenso*." About six hundred heretics will most respectfully wait upon His Majesty, and will, *pro forma*, accompany His Supreme Highness to hell." And, besides these monsters, there are a variety of fancy murderers and perpetrators of various crimes. Of the propriety of the sentence passed upon such offenders there can of course be no doubt; but it only renders more questionable the poetical justice of intermingling them with ladies who have been too fond of their husbands, and with noble-hearted and patriotic gentlemen who have been too zealous in the pursuit of their art. If there were any gradation in the tortures to which they are subjected, we should not be so much shocked. As it is, we cannot help feeling a certain sympathy with the sufferers which detracts very perceptibly from the desirable unity of effect.

We have said nothing of the character of the supposed author of these revelations. Interwoven with the description of the place of torment, there are a great number of personal recollections. These are, on the whole, of a very feeble character. The principal persons described are an old aunt, whose efforts to improve the character of her nephew were singularly thrown away; and a virtuous young woman named Lili, who is so obtrusively holy and innocent, and disposed to administer good advice, as to be not a little of a bore. There is another young woman, whom the writer has been guilty of seducing; and it is a source of very just annoyance to him, though some of the details are rather disagreeable, that he cannot tell what has become of their illegitimate child. Of these recollections, which he is very fond of bestowing upon us at considerable length, we grow rather tired, as they are obviously a mere device for introducing a great quantity of sermonizing, which would not come with equal grace from the mouth of a damned spirit. The truth is that the author's description of hell, whether it is or is not a legitimate mode of insinuating good advice, is considerably spoiled by all this infusion of feeble advice. If the author had been content simply to depict its horrors as forcibly as he could, and to leave us to draw our own conclusions, there are some proofs that he might really have drawn an effective, though a horrible, picture; there are many passages which are not wanting in the power suitable to such a purpose. But, as we have said, the mixture of inferior sermonizing very much spoils the effect. It reminds us rather of the "spheres" imagined by spirit-rappers than of the forcible, if gross, pictures produced by the imagination of the middle ages. Hell, as here described, has been so much refined away, by a compromise with certain modern prejudices, that it loses its reality. It is good neither to amuse philosophers nor to frighten the ignorant; there is a feeble attempt to fit it for the age, which only makes it a washed-out representative of the hell of bolder and coarser fancies.

We must add that one rather incongruous effect is produced by the extreme interest taken by the spirits in the Schleswig-Holstein question and the events of the Danish war. It is due to the fact—unnoticed in the title-page—that the book is a translation from the Danish; but it interferes not a little with the harmony of the picture. Perhaps, however, the Schleswig-Holstein question is not an inappropriate subject for meditation in such a region.

MADONNA MARY.*

TO male readers, and perhaps to female readers too, the great drawback to *Madonna Mary* is that it seems to be so very much overcrowded with women and children. There is an incessant fluttering and chirruping and cackling, in the midst of which we sigh for the strong and decisive voice of men. The chirruping and fluttering is represented to the life, but three volumes of it, though never so well done, naturally become monotonous. In the first volume there is a Major, it is true; but he is so fussy and fidgety about his children and everything else, as to be much more like a nervous old lady than a man. After him there comes his brother, who is also nervous and fidgety, and who lives primly and delicately and æsthetically, after the manner of an old maid. Then there is an old Sir Edward, who leads the same delicate,

* *Madonna Mary*. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

fastidious, generally effeminate sort of life. Two male hawks—one malignant, the other benevolent, but each disagreeable—pounce into this nest of gentle doves, but only for a few minutes, on one or two occasions; and the only effect of their intrusion is more ruffling and fluttering among our too gentle heroines and their too gentle cavaliers. The authoress plainly sympathizes with the doves, even when the well-meaning hawk intrudes among them. Mr. Penrose "came to the cottage, which was so essentially a lady's house, and pervaded the whole place with his large male person, diffusing through it that moral fragrance which still betrays the Englishman, the man of business, the Liverpool man, wherever he may happen to bless the earth." In fact, "as soon as you went in at the garden-gate, you became sensible that the atmosphere was changed, and that a Man was there." When he got up from his seat he would leave "the chintz cover of his chair so crumpled up and loosened out of all its corners, that you could have told a mile off that a man had been there"; and, even worse than the crumpled cornerless chintz, he would leave behind him "something that felt half like an insult to the feminine inhabitants—a disagreeable assertion of another kind of creature who thought himself superior to them." This is evidently a hint as to the temper in which the whole book is composed. The pleasant, gentle old lady's cottage is a type of the novel. Men do enter now and again, but they are out of place, diffusing inharmonious, jarring sounds, and unsympathetic flavours. The story is meant, we fancy, to be a study of women, amiable or unamiable, in states of mild repose or of worry and apprehension; of women as young maids, old maids, wives, matrons, and widows. And its comprehensiveness is quite astonishing. Of the ordinary domestic, unheroic species of woman, we get here pretty nearly every imaginable variety. They are drawn in the quiet grey colour which Mrs. Oliphant uses with so much skill, and with great truth and finish. Perhaps something is gained by the very fact which may make the book a little more tedious than it ought to have been—the conspicuous absence, namely, of men of the masculine type. An harmonious and equal tone pervades the picture. The moral fragrance of the Englishman, the man of business, the Man in short, does not commingle with or deaden the more delicate moral fragrance of Woman. The story is a tale of women among women and in their relations with women. The ordinary notion that a novelist can only do his duty, and can only bring out the characters of his heroines, by making them fall in love, is utterly disdained in *Madonna Mary*. Mrs. Oliphant will not admit that lovers and sweethearts are the only people in the world with a right to have their portraits taken, and their troubles and achievements chronicled; or that this particular relation is the only one in which women are interesting, or worth studying and painting. The love of an old aunt for her niece, and of a mother for her three boys, the pleasant kindly affection which may grow up among two or three officers' wives in an Indian station, the petulant jealousy with which a young unmarried girl may regard the prerogatives and wise counsellings of a married sister—all these take up the place in *Madonna Mary* which in most novels is usurped by the old story of flirting, and love-making, and jilting. Of all the figures in the book, the rebellious-hearted young sister is perhaps the freshest and the most original, though not particularly profound in its conception. "As for Mary," the imperious damsel reflects, with respect to her widowed sister, "she had had her day; let her be twenty times a widow, she had once been wooed, and had tasted all the delights of youth, and nobody had interfered with her—and Winnie too had made up her mind to have her day." Neither the old aunt nor the widow would have thought it maidenly to indulge in such meditations, "but Winnie was a girl of the nineteenth century, in which young ladies are brought up differently—and she meant to have her rights, and the day of her delight, and all the privileges of her youth, whatever anybody might say." This insubordinate young woman receives righteous retribution for her nineteenth-century notions in the shape of a husband who, so far as we can pierce the delicate veil which protects his misdeeds, seems to spend more money than he has got, and on high occasions even to beat her. Yet the consistency of her character is kept up with a good deal of cleverness. She remains imperious and stiff-necked to the end. Only, after a few years' companionship with a bad husband, her stiff-neckedness loses whatever attraction it might have had in the days of her youth. The petulance of a handsome young woman is perhaps rather becoming than otherwise. But the wreck of petulance and perversity and self-will, when the woman is no longer young or handsome, and has grown thinned and soured by an unhappy life, is one of the sorriest sights in the whole field of character; and Mrs. Oliphant has illustrated this, with light and sparing touches it is true, but still not ineffectively.

Perhaps, in her anxiety to keep her characters distinct, she has exaggerated in one or two of them. The intense self-possession and dignity and repose of Madonna Mary herself become rather tedious; but then without this prolonged dwelling upon one or two qualities we should not have known how she differed from her wilful and impulsive sister, or from old Miss Seton. The latter lady, we venture to think, might have been brought before us equally effectively with a much more limited display. She becomes something of the nature of a nuisance. Certainly there are excellent old maiden ladies in real life, full of kindness of heart, and always ready to burst into tears and little sobs. But the Miss

Seton of *Madonna Mary* abuses the privileges of this most worthy class of persons. Her readiness to shed tears is indescribable. She is able to weep and sob, and quiver with nervous fearful quiverings, at half a moment's notice, and for the slightest imaginable reason, or even for no reason at all; and she avails herself of this remarkable capacity to such a tiresome extent that the reader gets positively to dislike her, and to wish her anywhere. One has no objection to a weak, silly, amiable old lady now and then, only weakness and silliness should not be dragged into every other chapter or so. They are qualities about which, in Miss Seton's form of them, there is not much to be said. Nervous, trembling, tearful old ladies may appropriately figure in the background, and that is all. They do not offer any subject for a study. Neither, on the whole, do boys. Of the two, we think that boys are the worse. Just as Miss Seton is a very excellent sort of old maid, so Madonna Mary's three sons are all very excellent boys. But then grown-up people do not want to have studies of boys. Of all human creatures these are the most profoundly uninteresting, except to their own immediate parents and relatives. If a novel is to be crowded with the deeds and hopes and characteristics of a parcel of children, it is obviously a good thing that they should be done truthfully and naturally. It is much pleasanter to have three nice and well-bred boys than three rude and nasty boys, only it would have been much pleasanter still to have had no boys at all. And the grey, quiet, motionless realism, of which *Madonna Mary* is an extreme type, is almost carried too far when we are expected to listen to longish dialogues and palavers as to the professions for which our three homunculi are respectively best suited. Grown-up folk, when they take a novel to fill up half an hour before dinner-time or before bed-time or to pass away a wet afternoon, feel themselves rather injured when they are made to assist at a conversation, between a fond mother and a sillyish aunt and a lad of eighteen, as to the best thing that the lad of eighteen can do with himself. "Would you like to go to your Uncle Penrose?" the fond mother inquires of her perplexed son. The boy shakes his head vehemently. "Would you like to go into Mr. Allonby's office?" she resumes. "You know he spoke of wanting an articulated pupil. Would you think of that proposal Mr. Mortare, the architect, made us? Don't shake your head off, Hugh. Or ask Sir Edward to let you help old Sanders—or—would you really like to be a soldier, like your brother?" Mrs. Oliphant may say that, after all, talk between a mother and her boys ought to be as justly interesting to us as talk between a young gentleman and a young lady. For some reasons, indeed, it might seem that the former ought to be a great deal more interesting. The future career of a man is much more important than most lovers' talk. But then this is not by any means the right point of view from which to look at the matter. The office of the novelist is to present human passion and emotion, but not of that kind which a boy may feel when he is asked to decide whether he would rather be an articulated pupil in a solicitor's office, or an architect, or a curate. Jiltings and flirtations, and so on, are popular because they stand in a superficial and light way for the strongest and most active of ordinary human emotions. The feelings of boys are not good for much, in an artistic sense. We cannot get up any enthusiasm or even interest about one boy who "meant to do his duty and be a credit to everybody belonging to him"; or another boy whose "heart was in its right place, though he was plagued with a very arrogant, troublesome, restless little head, and a greater amount of 'notions' than are good for his age"; or yet a third boy who had a long head and gets interested in tough problems, and seems likely to pass his examinations at Woolwich in a satisfactory manner. This sort of thing becomes almost as tiresome as Aunt Agatha and her long restrained sobs, and her sobs that are not long restrained.

The plot is the least successful part of the story, possibly by design, as Mrs. Oliphant belongs to the bold school of novelists who are above plots. In *Madonna Mary* the complication to which circumstances will work up is quite evident from the very beginning of the book. We know perfectly well the bolt which is to descend on the heroine's head, and we can guess that some means will be found of softening or neutralizing its blow. This is in itself a drawback, and besides this the plot is a trifle unpleasant in its very nature, turning as it does so much on the question, in the minds of a couple of lads, whether their mother was married or not when the first of them was born. There is something ungraceful and displeasing in such a notion as this. The authoress's soft and graceful style does a great deal to redeem what we conceive to be the defect in this point. Still the story allows no space for the exercise of some of her best qualities as a novelist. We suffer in it from a want of air, and a want of vigorous and broad human interests. The book is full of soft, gentle feeling, only it is too tame, as if it had been written to amuse pious families on Sunday afternoons—a point of view singularly unfavourable to the production of really good and artistic work. The story originally appeared, we believe, in *Good Words*. If a novelist has not an eye for the whole field of human action and passion, that of men as well as of women and children, her work is sure to lean towards dulness and thinness. And novels written with a view to Sunday afternoons would violate the whole law of their being if they took in more of the field of life than that little narrow corner which is all that is supposed to be thought of in English and Scotch households on the Seventh Day.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. I.

WE often hear, or use, the phrase "book-making." This is the season for book-making—not in the betting sense, not in the reviewer's sense—but in the publisher's sense. Christmas books are made, not written. They are a branch of legitimate manufacture. They constitute a staple. It is no discredit to a Christmas book that it is manufactured, got up to order—size, price, and contents being determined by the state of the market. Nobody expects or wishes for originality, or depth, or learning, in a Christmas book. Hallam or Grote or Milman or Darwin is not what Christmas books are made of. When they are not merely reprints and compilations and selections, they must be manufactured. They are just as recognised, and perhaps as legitimate, a branch of national industry as Paris bronzes or Birmingham buttons. And as in one case, so in the other, every rank of the skilled workman finds his employment in the manufacture of this literature of the magazine and periodical and Christmas book sort. The first artists in the line are really artists; they may be tradesmen, and write to order, but they do it in a really artistic way. You see at once the trained and practised hand; the master cannot hide his mastery of the craft. Very likely, if we knew all about him, Phidias took and executed commissions; so it is no discredit to get paid, and well paid, for writing. But nowadays there must be, from the state of the market, cheap writing and low-priced writers, and there must therefore be every degree of skill engaged in the production of what is called literature. Christmas books, being that class of literature which is most completely a matter of manufacture, may be looked at as presenting the results of every grade of proficiency in the literary *ouvrier*. Christmas books must be brought out to suit the counter; and from the gorgeous folio at five pounds for the cotton lord's drawing-room, down to the reprint of a string of magazine verses, all neat and pretty, for the lady's-maid's drawer, there is a large range of skill and labour employed. None of it looks bad, just as there is often little to choose in the look of a Cashmere and a Paisley shawl. The difference is that one sort of book is literature, and the other looks very like it. Most Christmas books are of this last class. However, that they do look so good, and that the verse is so like the genuine Tennyson or the real Browning, as the case may be, only shows what a pitch of ingenuity in getting up pinchbeck articles the literary gentleman of the day has acquired. There are, however, some Christmas books which show something better than the skilled workman; though these we must look for rather among the reprints than the original publications.

In some sense the "Gift Books" for 1867 group themselves. The manufacturers, and we use the phrase not in an invidious sense, confine themselves to a special production. Just as we have a cotton district or an iron district—that is, a Manchester or a Sheffield—so we have a Cassell and a Longman. As schools of art and as centres of trade have their particular localities, so are the specialities of book-producing. There was in former days a rule and recognised practice in the book-market which confined a publisher to a special class of books, and it is only of late years that any single publishing house has engaged in that miscellaneous trading which looks with equal eye on an Apology for the Trinity and a Cookery Book, and to whose counters Thomas Aquinas and Tom Brown are equally welcome. But, as the extension of banking has produced its clearing-house, and as the necessities of the female buyer have called into existence such monster houses as those in Tottenham Court Road and elsewhere, so agencies, and country firms, and the export trade produce a house of Whittaker. For ourselves, we prefer a manufacturer who keeps to his own genius and gifts. As the ladies tell us that the old-fashioned silk-mercier who sold silks and silks only, and the shop where you can buy Irish linen and nothing else, are more to be trusted for what, in the slang of the day, is called a speciality, so we prefer a publisher who takes a line and keeps it. Messrs. Cassell have devoted themselves to the work of giving the English bookbuyer Gustave Doré, in all the profusion of his prodigal pencil. This year, at any rate, may be pronounced to be the Doré year. We resist the too obvious solicitations of a sorry joke, but we hope that it will be a golden year to those enterprising publishers, Messrs. Cassell, who send us the Bible with Doré illustrations, *Dante* with Doré illustrations, *Paradise Lost*, *Don Quixote*, *Munchausen*, Sue's *Wandering Jew*—all from the same dashing and vigorous artist. We say nothing at present of a sheaf of humorous sketches, after the *Punch* fashion, from another publisher, but from the same artist. But here are six or seven most sumptuous and expensive volumes, some of them dwarf folios, all handsomely printed, and with paper and type *de luxe*, and all from the same artist and *entrepreneur*. They may be proud of each other. The *Inferno*, the *Don Quixote*, and the *Wandering Jew* are only re-issues of Parisian publications, and the first two have been noticed at length in this Review. But we believe that the *Paradise Lost* and the Bible illustrations have been commissions from Ludgate Hill to the great French draughtsman, and appear among us in an original form. About the *Munchausen* we are uncertain. Merely as gift-books, to those who can afford them, there is here nothing to desire; and a reviewer who wants to write about them has only to take down his Dibdin, and ring the changes on "creamy" paper and "velvety expanse" of type, and the other almost erotic phrases which bibliomania used to delight in.

We can only regret that there are, in more instances than one,

certain drawbacks to these noble volumes—the Cassell series—which, if they do not prevent them from being accepted as the standard editions, will be hindrances to their taking that absolutely first rank which, on many grounds, they might claim. The editorial or literary aspect is not equal to the pictorial. The *Inferno*, for instance, is Cary's translation. Now we do not intend to disparage Cary's *Dante*. We owe it a good deal. There are few of us who did not make our first acquaintance with *Dante* through honest Mr. Cary. But, in these days at least, when the *Dante* epidemic rages throughout the whole range of European letters, Cary's *Dante* is a thing of the past. There are better English translations, and if we were book-buyers we should get our *Dante* with the original text. So it is with the *Don Quixote*. What is wanted is not a French version of Cervantes, which was what the Doré cuts were first designed for; not the English Jarvis and Motteux translation—and a very poor translation it is—which is the Cassell edition; but the Madrid text as settled by the Academy. Or if, as would be reasonable, Messrs. Cassell hesitated on the venture of a Spanish book for the English market, they might have given us—what by this time we are in a position to ask for—a good translation of *Don Quixote*. "The text edited by Mr. Clarke," which is what they give us, does not seem to have been much meddled with; and Mr. Shore's *Life of Cervantes* is slight. And as to the *Paradise Lost*, it is edited by Dr. Vaughan. This gentleman's superintendence has been confined to supplying a thin and unsatisfactory *Life of Milton*, and a still thinner and more unsubstantial set of foot-notes, which tell us that "Soldan" is the Miltonic form of "Sultan," and "Paynim" means "not Christian." All this we hold to be, in any sense of the word, impertinent. Either let us have Milton fully annotated, and we have yet to learn that Dr. Vaughan is a better scholar than Todd; or—which, as a standard *Paradise Lost*, we should prefer—let us have Milton without text or comment. With these drawbacks, whatever weight may be attached to the criticism, we have nothing but congratulations to offer on the Cassell-Doré series.

A word or two on the successes of Doré in his particular and special fields. At once to stand, almost challenging the attitude of equality, side by side with such men as Dante, Milton, and Cervantes, to say nothing of prophets and evangelists, argues no slight amount of self-confidence. It argues either a superb consciousness of strength, or a presumption almost ridiculous, at once, or nearly at once, to illustrate the Bible, the *Paradise Lost*, Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, and the mysterious romance of *Don Quixote*, in whatever sense we use the word. No doubt there is, in Dante and Milton, such a thorough saturation of the poet's mind with the Hebrew Scriptures, that an illustrator of the Bible might naturally be an illustrator of Dante and Milton. But then Doré is equally, perhaps more, at home with Sue and with Munchausen. And yet it must be admitted that, in a task almost superhuman, Doré, though not equally great, has done what certainly no one else ever did, and what no one perhaps ought to attempt. On other occasions we have remarked on what we thought were Doré's shortcomings, in our notices of his *Dante* and *Don Quixote*. What we have already said applies quite as exactly to his Milton, which, on the whole, we must pronounce to be the book of the year. We have the same sense of being in the hands of a consummate artist; and yet with Doré it is always this sense of the artist's powers that we gain, rather than any pure satisfaction with the result. We are never quite sure that Doré feels what he is about. He seems absolutely to revel in the sense of his own strength and his own versatility, his own breadth and *élan*; but not to care about influencing others. He shows off, rather than persuades and teaches. It is not that he feels Milton or Dante, but that he feels himself. It need hardly be said, to those who are acquainted with Doré, that he is a good deal more at home—we mean nothing malicious—in Hell than in Paradise. There is no doubt about it that in the Cassell folio, Satan is, as Johnson said long ago, the true hero of "our great English epic." And, of all the blocks, we prefer those grim, humorous, satirical grotesques which deal with Hades or Chaos, or the homes of Leviathan and Demagogon. In his nude figures, Doré is either tame or lascivious; Adam is one, and Eve very nearly the other. His angels are stupid, and Satan is a *Porte St. Martin* fiend; but his summoning of the Infernal Council is almost, if not quite, sublime. Doré's antediluvian city shows that he has seen, and certainly has not surpassed, Martin; for Martin in his way, considering that he could not draw, was a very fine, and perhaps unsurpassed, illustrator of Milton. As regards deep poetic appreciation of some mystery in angelic natures, Doré's performances are not to be named in the same day with the weird beauty which Blake, or the austere dignity which Flaxman, threw over their Cherubim and Seraphim. Indeed, there are more indications of haste, not to say of slovenliness, in the Milton series, than in any of Doré's previous works. The Puritan poet is not quite to the gifted Frenchman's taste. No doubt Milton was felt to be dull, as indeed he is, after Sue, and monotonous after Dante. And this leads us to a final difficulty—whether, after all, an illustrated author, be he Dante or Shakespeare, Milton or the Arabian Nights, the Bible or Tennyson, is the right thing? Do we want what is addressed to the mind to be interpreted to the eye? No doubt, to lay down that no written document ought to be translated into picture, would be simply to argue against the existence of pictorial art. Of course we do not mean this; nor are we disposed to object to the Christian *cyclus*, varied as it is in time, place, and character, and scenery, over four thousand years. But

what we intend is this. Is it a gain to art—either to the poet or writer, or illustrator—to have, say, Adam and Eve, or Robinson Crusoe, or Don Quixote and Sancho, repeated page after page by the same artist? Does not the necessary repetition of the illustrator become wearisome? Is not an illustrated edition, after all, a weariness? In reading our Defoe or our Shakespeare, we like something to be left to the imagination. We get annoyed at being compelled to accept Doré's notion of the character; and in the case of that noblest ideal, the Don Quixote, it is especially unsatisfactory to see the hero and gentleman reduced to this impossible idiot of Doré, and to get it forced upon us page after page. However, if this view were to prevail, we should have no illustrated editions at all. But we have them, and are likely to have them, and we are not likely to have better than those which we have this year received from a single house.

We have been so much engaged with Doré's serious works that we have left ourselves but little space to acknowledge, and in acknowledging to praise, one more of the Cassell series. It is the lively caricature romance of *Croquemitaine*, "freely translated" by Mr. Hood. Here we think, in the region of fairy tale and grotesque and impossibility, Doré is more at home than in works on which he would probably set a higher value. His gift is exaggeration and playfulness and pantomime; just that mixture of the funny horrible and the grim jesting which in older days found its expression in gurgyles and satirical *miserere* seats. The *Croquemitaine* is a perfect treasure of humorous art.

NOTICE.

It was stated in the last number of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" that the American adventurer, WALKER, was hung by the captain of an English man-of-war. A Correspondent reminds us that WALKER was transferred by Captain SALMON to the authorities of Honduras, by whom he was executed.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, November 26, the Programme will include Mendelssohn's Overture for Stringed Instruments; Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 10, for Pianoforte alone; and Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, &c. Pianoforte, Mr. Chas. Hallé; Violin, Herr Wilhelm; Violoncello, Signor Patti. Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benoit. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

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MADAME STODARE, Widow of the late Colonel Stodare, begs to announce that the THEATRE OF MYSTERY, Egyptian Hall, is now OPEN for the Season. Madame Stodare will have the honour to give the SPHINX, MARVEL OF MECCA, and BASKET TRICK, assisted by Mr. Virbank Surman (Pupil of the late Colonel Stodare), in Colonel Stodare's Royal Entertainment of Magic.—Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s., which may be secured at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, from Ten till Five, and at Mitchell's Royal Library, 25 Old Bond Street.—Mr. JAMES WEAVER, Manager.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE at an END.—The SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW will be held at the AGRICULTURAL HALL, London, on December 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14.—Admission, Monday, 5s.; on the other Days, 1s. By Order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS. 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till six.—Admission, 1s. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Exhibition of SKETCHES AND STUDIES, open from Ten till Six, at their Gallery, 53 Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. Gaslight and Post. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

WINTER EXHIBITION.—The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of British Artists is NOW OPEN, at the French Gallery, 180 Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. LEON LEFEVRE, Secretary.

THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN to the Public, at T. McLEAN'S NEW GALLERY, 7 Haymarket, next the Theatre.—Admission, 1s. R. CLOTHIER, Hon. Sec.

MR. HENRY WALLIS'S TWELFTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN, at the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s.

S. ANDREW'S, Wells Street.—The DEDICATION SERVICES will be held on S. Andrew's Day, Friday, November 26. Preacher at 11 a.m., the Ven. ARCHDEACON OF BRISTOL. Evensong at 5 p.m., without sermon. Litany at 9 p.m., with Sermon by the Rev. C. W. FURSE, M.A., Vicar of Staines.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—On Wednesday, the 5th of December, proximo, the Senate of the Queen's University in Ireland will proceed to the ELECTION OF FOUR EXAMINERS—Two in Mathematics, and Two in the remaining Subjects of Examination—to conduct the Matriculation Examinations of the Year 1867, under the Supplemental Charter.

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